

# The TATLER

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# The TATLER

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## THE NEW GARBO

In this new film *Ninotchka*, due at the Empire Theatre on February 16, we meet an entirely new Greta—all smiles and gaiety. She laughs and she laughs and she laughs. For thirteen years Greta Garbo has moved across the silver screen, the embodiment of inscrutable tragedy. In this new picture she has a chance of many a sly crack at Russia's planned economy and meagre rations and its scorn for bourgeois comfort and democratic freedom. The American critics say that this new vivacity may be due to the spinach-juice cocktails, which Garbo's doctors are said to have prescribed



AT THE FIFE BEAGLES BALL

Cowie

As will be seen from this group of officials and guests at the Fife Beagles Ball, which was held at the Grand Hotel, St. Andrews, recently, Service uniforms predominate up north as much as they do in England

The names are : Top row, left to right : Miss Camilla Rose, Mr. R. O. M. Williams (Whipper-in), Mrs. Kerr, Lieutenant R. W. Kerr, R.N.V.R. (joint-Master), Miss Enid Mills, Miss Mary Jackson, Flight Lieutenant R. T. Wilson, R.A.F.V.R. Front row, left to right : Miss Diana Erskine, Miss Jean Crawford, Lieutenant Ian Kidd (Whipper-in), Miss Pat Dean, Flight Lieutenant A. L. Womersley (joint-Master), Miss Joan Womersley, Mrs. Macrae

"Art indeed is not everything, for science and philosophy are also among the powers that redeem mankind; but art alone has the quality that, apart from physical risks, its products retain their identity to the mind and senses, and so may abide."—*Essays and Addresses by Oliver Elton*, 1939.

**T**HE Advisory Committee which selects the artists who are to record the war, is so unequivocally advanced that it seems doubtful whether any painter whose technique and vision combine to interest, please, or inspire ordinary people, will be chosen. The committee has not much money to allocate and this rules out some of the big names; but the real danger lies in its leaning towards the abstract school, familiarly called the upside-down boys, though their pictures are as difficult to appreciate from the ceiling, a fly tells me, as at eye level. In committee, Sir Kenneth (toy symphony) Clark, Sir Muirhead Bone (academic in his own delicate work but passionately interested in the outside Left) and Mr. Clive Bell, will outweigh Mr. Percy Jowett who regards Orpen's record of the Great War, as a living chronicle, unequalled in modern times. The type of story painted by Messrs. Nevinson and Munnings is unlikely to have an equivalent, as their possible successors are not sufficiently experimental to satisfy the committee, which began by choosing Eric Kennington who draws figures exquisitely, but has abstract spells, during one of which he did those sculptures. Lord Melchett's young protégé, Mr. Edward Seago, who is good at horses (example "Blue Peter"), landscape and figures, would make another Munnings, in the opinion of Captain Harold Balfour, the appreciative Under-Secretary of State for Air, who recently enjoyed a greater success in Canada than any British politician within memory. And Lord Derby's family, nearly all of whom have been painted by James Gunn (except the Secretary of State for War who sits next)

## And the World Said—



Elliott &amp; Fry

H.E. THE SWISS MINISTER AND MME THURNHEER

It is difficult to fill the gap left in London diplomatic society by the retirement of M. Paravacini, but M. Walter Thurnheer, who succeeds him as Swiss Minister to the Court of St. James's, has received a warm welcome as representative of a country with which our friendship has always been exceedingly warm, and one which seems to have dealt with the problem of how to govern itself better than most



A R.A.F. WEDDING RECEPTION

A picture of the bridegroom, bride and best man taken after the wedding on February 3, in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, of Flight Lieutenant Henry Cavendish, elder son of the late Mr. Tyrell William Cavendish, and of Mrs. Cavendish, of Crakemarsh Hall, Uttoxeter, and Miss Diana Linda Ryle, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Hewish Ryle, and of Mrs. Alexis ffrench, of Pirton Rectory Manor, Hitchin. The best man was Flying Officer William H. Rhodes Moorhouse, cousin of the bride and son of the famous V.C. airman

the arts. Last week Jagger was in Rotherham (near the humble birthplace of which he is so proud) looking over the Jagger Family Exhibition which had arrived from Lincoln and is coming to London. It includes some fifty of his paintings, over thirty of his late brother's smaller bronzes, and thirty of their sister's flower pictures and still lifes. Miss Edith Jagger and her brilliant brothers have never acquired the publicity which attaches to another Yorkshire Edith, Miss Sittwell, and her brilliant brothers, but the less fashionable trio provide an equally remarkable phenomenon; more vigorous, they too purvey sensibility and imagination. One of the most imaginative, and flexible artists, Mr. James Bateman, has not been chosen in spite of his versatility, humour and gift for original design. His lively brush would adapt itself to any theatre of war. Originally a sculptor, James (as opposed to H.M.) was badly gassed in the Great War and could no longer stand the smell of wet clay, so he became a painter, and a good one. T.C. Dugdale's robust masculine talent—rare today—and Charles Cundall's exceptional ability to portray crowds artistically (he went to Canada with the royal tour) should be mobilized, if money can be found. Chelsea was diverted by the following excerpt from London's

"He is shortly to be married. His first act will be to hang pictures again on the empty walls of the National Gallery." An international howler has been perpetrated by *Life* which published photographs of England "taken from German reconnaissance planes." Those who know the places pictured can see at a glance that they were taken before the war! This false scoop is typical of the U.S.A.'s thirst for sensational news from Europe. With child-like sameness Manhattan editors clamour for "news behind the news" which must inevitably turn out to be what the R.A.F. calls "duff gen." The new version of "my aunt's charwoman" which has reached me from the War Office via White's is the answer to America's prayer. It begins "Actual evidence have I none," and ends with "Who knew when the war would really start," but I must leave the middle to your imaginations. Joking apart, New York (which IS NOT the U.S.) feels bored to petty annoyance by our war. Its magazines are still full of *pseudo* travelogues and its night clubs sizzle with dough. "The market's good, a boom's beginning, and so to Jericho with the French and the tedious Britishers who we never liked much anyway, and why can't (to rhyme with bant) they get on with their war is wat I wanna know." The flower of café society turns to rhapsodizing about



GUARDS' CHAPEL WEDDING

Lenare

An attractive picture taken at the recent wedding at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, of Captain Henry Steuart Phillpotts, son of the late Brigadier-General L. M. Phillpotts and the late Mrs. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland, and Miss Finola Mary Fitzgerald, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald, of Buckland, Berkshire. The attendants seen in the picture are Diana and Angus Baird, cousins of the bride



AT A "BLACK AND TAN" DANCE

A group of Tipperary celebrities at this recent Scarteen revel, which was held in the Tipperary Town Hall. Every one within range turned up, and in this group are included:

Mr. J. J. Ryan, the M.F.H., Miss J. J. Ryan (his daughter), Miss C. Moore (Captain Charles Moore's daughter), Mrs. G. A. Harris (of Ballykisteen), and at the back is Mr. C. Willis, a well-known G.R., and Mr. J. Waller from County Limerick

Finns. The one thing they like about our war is the Finns. This is in character because New Yorkers are spoilt children who can only rise to a success story. Cole Porter, who knows his own four thousand, has written a penetrating account of the Finn Fever to cosmopolitan Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald who has the wit to appreciate his. Only a negligible though noisy section of America is carrying on heartlessly *vis-à-vis* our troubles. Many more are with us, heart, mind and pocket, judging by letters from pals all over the States. We should write to as many as we can because they seem to crave for authentic news of our daily war lives, however dull and restricted. As I said before, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort makes it part of his war work to correspond with pals in the States, and to send them cuttings. The following cutting comes from an American reader, as an example of Bostonian humour, pungent and pawky:

"Socialism. If you have two cows you give one to your neighbour.

Communism. If you have two cows you give them

to the government and the government then gives you some milk.

Fascism. If you have two cows you keep the cows and give the milk to the government; the government then sells you some milk.

New Dealism. If you have two cows you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

Nazi-ism. If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

Capitalism. If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull."

\* \* \*

Posters of sheep, cleverly drawn by the Felix Girls' School (who are "terribly good at imitating sheep") made pertinent decorations at Lady Towle's wool-gathering tea, the first of a series, whose object is to supply thirty work parties in Poplar. Enthusiasm in the borough is so great that a minesweeper has been "adopted" as a side line. In contrast to those older women who can find nothing to do except play bridge and yearn for Palm Beach or the Riviera, Lady Towle works all day, every day. She says there are not enough hours and not enough hands, and that even without a war there would be plenty to do in Poplar. A young woman, gay and attractive, who does a whole-time voluntary job is Miss Moira Coke (sister of the ubiquitous Hersey) who finds her hours at St. George's Hospital packed with interest. She has helped Miss Ursula Cooke to found a music club connected with the hospital. Dr. Malcolm Sargent is its president and the next concert at which George von Harten

## And the World said—*continued*

will play and John McKenna sing is on February 26 in the theatre of the Royal College of Music. Tickets from the hospital or at the door. People who censure St. George's for not selling its site and rebuilding further out, are unaware of the clause in the original deed from the Grosvenor Estate, by which the hospital is bound to stay put or forfeit the site. Another worker for St. George's, Lady Greville, went to the gala reopening of the Paris Cinema. Reopenings are now smarter than openings; a fashion set by the All-Services' Canteen Club. The Spotted Dog, next to the Florida, has reopened with a snack menu, and its steak and kidney puddings are still "on." Occupying inglenooks were Lady Orr-Lewis; Miss Diana Tyrwhitt-Drake; Princess Megaloff's (better known as Jane Falcke) R.A.F. brother Brian; Colonel Norman Thwaites of Nassau with daughter; Mine Hostess "Tina" Halsey who had been on the same party as sporting Mrs. Sydney Wilkinson, and "Duggie" Brown, returned from Hollywood to enlist in The Scots Guards. The playboys are showing up well. The lads of St. Moritz were startled to read that the Swiss playboy, René Fonjallez, has been arrested in his *chalet* at St. Moritz, which, incidentally, he won in a tombola. His father, the leader of Switzerland's unwelcome Fascist Party, had his activities curtailed several months ago. Now they are both charged by their Government with espionage, which sounds better than spying. Even the bobsleigh crowd realized that no Swiss has had a good word for René Fonjallez since he turned yellow in the Olympics at Lake Placid. When "the Guigan" wanted a second chance to drive a big bob in the following Olympiad at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, it was the President of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club, Captain Hubert Martineau, who pleaded with the Swiss committee, and obtained a grudging affirmative, provided Fonjallez would train. Fonjallez did not comply. But it is a long way from ostracism to jug, and though St. Moritzers were stupefied to see him described by a national daily as "Olympic Hero," they hope he will be out by the end of the war. Captain Martineau had another of his big day-dress dinner parties last week, while another temporary bachelor who entertained was Lord Morris, "the solicitor peer," now a flight lieutenant in the R.A.F. and working with the Judge Advocate-General, which means Court Martial cases all over the country. The lovely Lady Morris and their four children have retired to Herefordshire, she very much saddened by the untimely death of Lady (Westrow) Hulse, better remembered as Amber Orr-Wilson.

\* \* \*

Every one is talking about Edward Ward, the B.B.C. observer in Finland. Lord Bangor's only son brings home what he sees, and the relief of listening to a manly voice for a change adds to his popularity. He began as an announcer but the B.B.C. considered his tone too burly (!) so he was taken off and transferred to the news department, thence to Finland at short notice, because he wanted to go and nobody else liked the prospect, much. Now his



MR. DUFF AND LADY DIANA COOPER AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

When this picture was taken the former Secretary of State for War and former First Lord of the Admiralty were the guests of the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow. As is common knowledge Mr. Duff Cooper has been on a lecture tour in the U.S.A.

innumerable listeners, all of whom wish the B.B.C. would announce when he is coming on, include the Queen who, I am told, has made a favourable comment on his delivery. The B.B.C. recently allowed a woman to give a talk, "Shopping by Post," which was as painfully funny as Joyce Grenfell's monologues. As a thrifty hint listeners were advised to write their orders on large notepaper, in large handwriting, on one side only and postcards were condemned.

The effervescent Mr. Pinto Leite from the B.B.C.'s foreign news was at the Hamond-Graemes' tea-and-punch party where the Franckensteins talked to Seymour Leslie, and the lovelies included Lady Kitty Cole, Miss Christobel More-Molyneux (in a black velvet number and pearls) and fair-haired Angela Ely. Seymour Leslie, unabashed by the difficulties of creating a Season, has embarked on the Queen Charlotte's annual. As if to recompense his efforts, there is an outstandingly gorgeous débutante, Esmée Harmsworth, who leaves Brenda Frazier in New York. Miss Mary Churchill, the youngest Winston, is another attractive one, said to be the cleverest of her family. Some debuts were prevented by influenza from attending the "pre" Charlotte party, and one Great Lady wrote from the country, "Are you wise to get this up; what about the *Blitzkrieg*?" to which Mr. Leslie replied by telegram "You mean the blizzard and it is over." To those in bed with colds I propose "Town Wife," by Bridget Chetwynd (because of the hunting and hunt-ball scenes, and the Nancy Mitfordish humour) and "The Swan of Usk," a beautiful quiet book by Helen Ashton. It is about Henry Vaughan, the poet, and throws sidelights on Cromwell who apparently suffered from fits as a boy. By asking the doctor whether he thinks all dictators are epileptic you may take his mind off prescribing throat paint. A third novel of the moment is Helen Simpson's short, queer, grim "Maid No More" which recalls Masefield's adventure books and certain aspects of "The Glastonbury Romance," and "The Ancient Mariner." It may be over derivative, but it grips.

\* \* \*

Irish Postscript. The Herbrand Alexanders hope to live at her family place Loughlinstown, near Leopardstown.

A correspondent says they will be an asset as each possesses exceptional charm. His younger brother, Harold, should be one of our best generals in this war; his record in the last was unimpeachable. After the last Leopardstown meeting the world took his wife to the Shelborne Hotel where Cecil Bra-bazon's double was celebrated at length. One gent was seen sitting on the stairs repeating to himself "On straight, Jack Chaucer, on straight!" People racing included Lord Rathdonnell on leave, and his wife who is looking forward to a second baby; and those good-looking sisters Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, Lady Jocelyn and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy. The first-named has a beautiful namesake, Betty Wellesley, wife of another Gerald.



MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER DIXIE AT THEIR WEDDING RECEPTION

Something evidently came loose with the bride's veil! The wedding was at the Brompton Oratory on the sixth, and the bride was formerly Miss Phyllis Probyn, and is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. P. S. Probyn. The bridegroom is Sir George Dixie's son and heir

## AT THE GUNNERS' "COMFORTS" BALL —IN EDINBURGH



NAMES ROUND THE TABLE (LEFT TO RIGHT): MISS HANNA, CAPTAIN BRYANT, MISS GILLIAM MITFORD, MAJOR CRAWFORD, MAJOR THE HON. BRUCE OGILVY, MR. DOUGLAS BYNG, CAPTAIN CAMPBELL ADAMSON AND CAPTAIN SIR RICHARD GULL



MRS. CHARLES HOUSTON-BOSWELL AND MAJOR THE HON. GERALD BROWNE

It was not only the "Gunmen" who backed up this excellent show, in aid of comforts for the people who cause so much discomfort to the foe; and notable amongst supporting troops were The Greys. Lord Sligo is one of them, and was so delighted with the performance of the Edinburgh City Police dance band who gave their services free that he made them a donation towards upkeep. His supper partner is Lord Airlie's sister-in-law. Lord Airlie and the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy are both cavalry officers, and Mrs. Charles Houston-Boswell who is with Lord Castlerosse's brother, also cavalry, is the wife of an officer in Scotland's Household Cavalry. Sir Dickie Gull (see top) is a Rifleman. Miss Evelyn Laye talking to a sure-to-goodness gunner, as we all know by now is enchanting London in the new Cochran show *Lights Up* at the Savoy, which started on February 9, and Douglas Byng at the table at the top made the cabaret at this dance go like a scalded cat



BRIGADIER A. G. ROLLESTON  
AND MISS EVELYN LAYE



THE HON. MRS. BRUCE OGILVY  
AND THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO

# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Musings About Civilization

THE other day I read in the paper how some young woman who had been a hairdresser's assistant was rung up at two o'clock in the morning to get a band leader out of a jam. Never before, I read, had Miss Blank "stepped straight out of bed to sing, almost unrehearsed, a bunch of difficult songs with a strange band." Is my mind wandering, or is there something odd and hard-to-be-explained about this? Let us try it another way. Say, for example, that one saw something like this in the paper. "The other afternoon a young lady who is a waitress at a Lyons Corner House was rung up by Sir Thomas Beecham who had engaged Miss Allegra Con Fuoco to play the 'Rachmaninoff, No. 2.' Miss Con Fuoco having unfortunately sprained her wrist, would Miss Nippy oblige? Never before had Miss Nippy stepped straight out of Lyons' pantry to perform with a strange band an unrehearsed piano concerto followed by a bunch of difficult solos. Nevertheless, insists our gossip writer, Miss Nippy's success was such that Miss Allegra Con Fuoco will have to look after her laurels." In another part of the paper I read how a young gentleman who had formerly posed for hair cream advertisements had been taken up by Hollywood at a salary of £200 a week. Let me put this another way. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, having his hair cut, suddenly realizes from a look at young Mr. Snip in the mirror that he is the very man to reopen the Old Vic with *Hamlet*. Never before had Mr. Snip stepped out of his white jacket to put on a black one and recite, almost unrehearsed, a bunch of difficult soliloquies. And so on and so forth. Need I continue? Does this prove, or does it not, that the arts of crooning and screen-ing are so infantile that anybody can succeed in them without having any kind of apprenticeship? No! That, I think, would be an illogical deduction, and my case is strong enough to do without unfairness. The correct answer is that the mike and the screen are two mediums in which a very small number of people are able to achieve a kind of success which has nothing whatever to do with art, and is therefore not subject to criticism. A crooner putting over "South of the Border" is achieving something with which your Carusos cannot begin to compete. It is the same with your hair cream expert and your actor proper.

It may be true that all art is based upon sex. Indeed this must be true, because the whole of creation comes from that great impulse in Nature which is known to biology as sex. But the business of civilization, which includes art, is to refine. Nature, said Balzac, created the female; it was society which invented the feminine. Caruso singing "La Donna è Mobile" is saying much more than "Darling, do you mind if we jump into bed?" The crooner says this, and nothing else. This sentiment and no other is in the stuff he sings, in the way in which he sings it, and in the timbre of his singing voice. The same differentiation is to be made between actors and screen actors. An actor is a person who puts the characters imagined by the dramatist before an audience, the matter for comment being the skill he brings to

this process. A screen actor interprets nobody except himself. He portrays nobody except himself. He deliberately stages this hair parting and that dimple, except that if he is unusually manly the dimple becomes a cleft in the chin. How he acts is unimportant because his fans are not looking for acting.

The other afternoon I went to the Polytechnic. Here I saw a film called *Second Fiddle*, which seemed to me to reach the very nadir of entertainment devised for the adult mind. And then I pulled myself together with the reflection that the adult mind was not in the least concerned. The film was about film stars in the making, and the point was whether our young men would find in dimpling Miss Sonja Henie, or in sultry Miss Mary Healy, their ideal sweetheart, and whether our young women would desire to be seen home by Mr. Tyrone Power or sung home by Mr. Rudy Vallée. As these performances had reference to no artistic criterion, criticism would be merely impertinent. There was, however, a long scene in which Miss Edna May Oliver was the centre of a glass-throwing competition. For no reason that I was able to discern, Miss Oliver and Mr. Power threw a number of glasses out of a Hollywood villa into the garden below. In so far as Miss Oliver is an extremely capable and delightful actress, I resented this stupid business. In fact, I resented it so much that I got up and left the theatre.

Previously I had greatly enjoyed the travel film called *Dark Rapture*, which is an authentic record of a genuine expedition into the heart of the Belgian Congo. But here again I have a complaint to make. The "preliminary literature" distributed at this charming little cinema says: "*Dark Rapture* differs from all other adventure pictures, in that it is not only a dramatically stirring record of life as Nature intended it to be lived—it is also a continual romance of the lives and loves, hates and triumphs of the peoples of the almost unexplored interior of darkest Africa." This is entirely untrue. There is not a hint of romance in this picture from beginning to end, and not a word about love, hate, or triumph. The literature goes on: "The film is sensation piled upon sensation, and reveals in death-laden, heart-breaking, tense-gripping romance, the dark continents, elemental men and women living their primitive lives amid scenes of surpassing grandeur, and probably in a manner which would appear to our ancestors of ten thousand years ago as perfectly normal." This again is nonsense! *Dark Rapture* is just an extremely interesting record of life as it is normally lived by peoples who in spite of all modern inventions have continued to remain unknown. The whole merit of the film lies in the



VERA ZORINA

The screen version of *On Your Toes* in which this talented young actress and dancer scored a big success at the Palace Theatre three years ago, comes to the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on Friday, February 16. Vera Zorina has worked with Max Reinhardt in Germany and was for a time a member of Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet company. She is married to George Balanchine, the dancer and choreographer

fact that it pointedly eschews doing that which the throw away at the Polytechnic claims that it has done. I was fascinated exactly by its avoidance of "romance" which, if there had been any, could only have been fake. No one can do more with unknown tribes encountered for the first time except to point a camera at them and shoot. It is enormously to the credit of Leila Roosevelt and Armand Denis, who made this film and appear in the process to have lost everything they set out with except the film itself, that they were content with pointing and shooting. Incidentally, the film reveals a rather higher state of civilization existing in darkest Africa than at present seems to exist in darkest Hollywood.

One of the most important new films since the war started came to the Gaumont, Haymarket, last Friday, February 9. It is a talkie version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, with Charles Laughton in the part of Quasimodo. Also in the cast of this new version of Victor Hugo's classic, which a hundred years after it was written became one of the early classics of the screen, is Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

## BACK-STAGE SIDE OF “FUNNY SIDE UP”



A FINISHING TOUCH BY BETTY GOTTHARD—BALLET MISTRESS



SALLY GRAY AND BERNARD CLIFTON  
A QUICK SMOKE IN AN INTERVAL



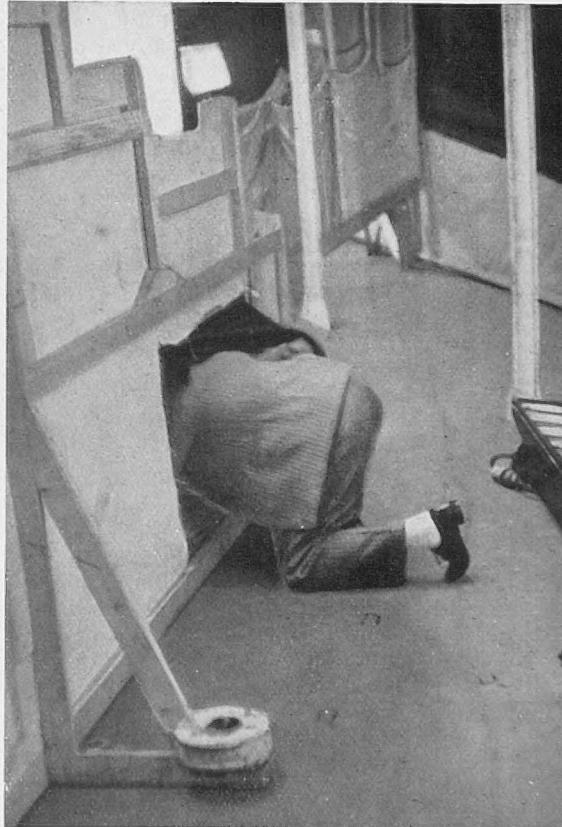
DOROTHY DAVIS  
MAKES ALL TAUT



STANDING BY IN THE WINGS  
FOR THE STUDIO BALLET



FLORENCE DESMOND  
AND HER DRESSER



STANLEY LUPINO MAKING  
HIS FIRST ENTRANCE

At His Majesty's Theatre, twenty-three years ago, the most successful of all musical plays, *Chu Chin Chow*, played to over two thousand performances. Stanley Lupino's show is quite different in texture, but who knows but that it may not do something pretty nearly as big, and if it does not, it will only be due to circumstances not under control and the interference of the *Sales Boches*. Here we give you some of the things you do not see from the auditorium, and very entertaining we suggest they are. People are here let into the secret of how the author and producer makes his first entry from a basket. He suggests someone crawling into a funk hole in an air raid. Stanley Lupino, as has been said pretty often, is the life and soul of the party, and rollicks through his various numbers showing us that he loves his work. Florence Desmond and Sally Gray do the same thing, and our greatest impersonator is shown in the photograph being finally fixed up as a lady of the *nouveau riche*, vintage 1926. The type has not altered very materially. Sally Gray, seen in an off moment with Bernard Clifton, has one of her best moments in “The Studio Ballet” number, in which she plays the languorous star who kindly agrees to be “shot.” This number is an impression of the making of a moving-picture ballet, the trials and tribulations of the director, the harassed dance producer, the cameraman and the studio personnel in general. Betty Gothard, who leads the chorus, and is the ballet mistress, is seen putting almost the last touch to her equipment, and Dorothy Davis, another member of the most attractive corps de ballet, is displayed making quite certain that they do not slip down when she goes into action



MR. H. L. EGAN  
AND A STUDY OF PLUMPTON

The well-known Sussex steward pictured when trying to find out if the course was fit for jumping. The answer, we understand, was in the negative!

**I**N the twenty odd years before September 3, 1939, an owner of racehorses even if his "string" was composed of half a selling plater which might win a seller at Plumpton, if there weren't too many triers, was a man envied of his fellows, and highly esteemed, no matter in what society he might find himself. "We've got the Joneses coming to dinner tonight, so I do hope dear, you won't have too many cocktails at the club; they may want to go on to some place afterwards, so you'd better put on your tails, and Emily dear, you'd better wear your blue. Cook, we'll try that lobster again, from the vicar's recipe, but for goodness sake don't cook it so long this time." Jones as an owner was definitely a personality and if you mentioned casually in the train on the way to the office next day that Jones the owner dined with you, the previous evening, your fellow passengers would pause in their discussion of their gardens and how many they took over the fifteenth hole, to give you an appraising look. In future you might find yourself being consulted as to the respective merits of a "blaster" and a "sand iron," and your views on the most efficient cure for blight on the fruit trees, and leather jackets on the croquet lawn. Today Jones has slipped with a crash from his pedestal, and instead of being envied by his fellows, is often an object of pity. "Like every one else I'm very sorry for the Joneses but it's quite impossible to have them to a meal, as after two glasses of port Mr. Jones always tries to sell Harold that dreadful racehorse." Poor Jones has hung on to his white elephant in the hope that the war might be over before Christmas; or the even more unlikely event that he might win a race with it. The war, so they tell me, is still being fought, and Jones's horse, irrespective of its sex, is still a maiden pure. The poet tells us that each man kills the thing he



OWEN ANTHONY AT LEOPARDSTOWN

Waiting for the arrival of Miss Dorothy Paget's John Chinaman who won the Foxrock Chase. (Visibility was not good.) This horse is one of Miss Paget's three in the Grand National (April 5), the other two being Kilstarr, and Le Cygne who was grassed at the first fence in the Red Cross Chase at Leopardstown, E. Foley, his jockey, unfortunately breaking a leg

# Racing Ragout

By QUINTIN GILBEY

loves—or words to that effect—which is quite untrue, otherwise the Four Hundred would be a stag party, but poor Jones has never really loved the noble animal which once carried his wife's colours so proudly into fourth place in a field of five at Wincanton on a Bank Holiday. He hesitates therefore to purchase for himself that peace which passeth all understanding, in the shape of no further training bills, by the insertion of a friendly bullet into the animal's brain—if any. Secondly, deep down in his heart, as the result of letters and telephone communications (always charged to him) from his trainer, is the hope that Dogsbody, may one day land the coup which is going to recompense him for all previous failures. "Is that you, guv'nor? The dear (dear is the operative word) old horse has never looked better, I wish you could see him, got a neck on him like a stallion, never leaves an oat, never knew a horse eat like him." (This fact has been very apparent from the trainer's bills.) "What's that, guv'nor? No, I haven't been able to work him as we've got six inches of snow on the ground, but don't you worry he's sure to win you a nice race before the season ends. By the way guv'nor, did you get my letter enclosing my account? As you can imagine things aren't too good, now that Mr. So-and-so's sold his horses."

This is the sad case of Mr. Jones, owner of half a horse, a whole horse, or maybe even two horses. With each succeeding horse or even fraction of a horse Mr. Jones's case becomes sadder, but here and now let me state that

Mr. Jones is an imaginary figure and although my readers (yes, both of them) may consider their case very similar to that of Mr. Jones, they must take my word for it that that is the merest coincidence.

We now come to the case of the trainer and I refer in the main to the man who earned a nice little living training a few horses for the not-so-very-rich. The very rich will find themselves considerably less rich, but few of them will be inclined to dispose of their horses in training, as was the Aga Khan. Their strings will undoubtedly be reduced, but from patriotic motives alone they will certainly endeavour to carry on, and their trainers will certainly get their bills paid.

Take the case though, of the little man who trained one, two or three horses for some fellow who was only able to become an owner through the courtesy of his bank manager. Immediately war broke out, if he was honest, this kind of owner told his trainer that his income was down by at least half, and that it would be a physical impossibility for him to "drop" until the horses subscribed something towards their keep.

I am in receipt of a most interesting letter from Newmarket from the man I regard as the greatest plucked 'un I have ever met; but though he refuses to be despondent and wants to bet me the war will be over by the end of the year, he thinks it will be a poor lookout for himself, and all like him if it goes on any longer.

Here are some figures he sends me. "There are 800 fewer horses in training in Newmarket than there were last June, when oats were 25s. a quarter, hay £5 a ton, straw £2 a ton, bran £8 a ton. Today training fees have been reduced, but wages, rent, rates and taxes and overhead charges remain the same. Oats are now 53s. a quarter, straw £3 a ton, bran (if you can get it) £10 a ton, and hay £7 a ton."

The trainer's position is therefore far more serious than the owner's. The owner, if the worst comes to the worst, can resort to that friendly bullet, to which I have already referred, and after all the owning of race-horses is a luxury and always has been. If he has to shoot, give away, or sell his horses, it's very sad: but it is still possible to exist.

The trainer however, sees his very livelihood in jeopardy, and sooner than close down he has to incur some very (to say the least of it) doubtful debts; while even if all his owners settled on the nail, there would be very little in it, with prices at their present level.

Q. G.

## A BLUSTERY DAY'S JUMPING AT BALDOYLE LAST WEEK



CAPTAIN F. FFRENCH DAVIS  
AND THE DUCHESS DE STACPOOLE



MRS. I. ROBBINS (BACK TO CAMERA), MISS RUTH CHARLTON, THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET  
AND MR. CHARLES A. ROGERS



MRS. MORE O'FERRALL AND CAPTAIN LAURISTON ARNOTT



THE HON. JUNE FORBES-SEMPILL  
AND MR. REEVES SMITH



LADY NIXON (RIGHT) WITH HER DAUGHTER,  
MISS TINA NIXON, AND MISS KATHLEEN  
NIXON (CENTRE)



MRS. O'LEARY  
AND MR. LEO PARTRIDGE

Photos. : Poole, Dublin

"Inclement" was the operative word the day these pictures were taken at Baldoyle, and even the hardiest were compelled to admit that an overcoat is a useful adjunct. The event that went best was the cocktail-party for the partially congealed given by Lord Milton and Mr. Eric Harcourt Wood on the course after the last race. As Eire is neutral, presumably this temperature-reading is not censorable. The other outstanding incident was the quick second barrel by Miss Dorothy Paget's "General Chiang," who collected the principal prize, the Dublin 'Chase. This steed won last time out at Leopardstown, and runs in the Irish Grand National on Easter Monday, all going well. Miss Paget has, in addition, that useful horse "Le Cygne," who fell in the Red Cross 'Chase at Leopardstown, for which he was much fancied by many. He is in our Grand National with 10 st. 7 lb. As to other news items, the G.O.M. of Irish racing, Captain ffrench Davis, was an outstanding figure. The Duke de Stacpoole (Holy Roman Empire), husband of the charming lady with him, was formerly Master of the Kill Harriers

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Dear,  
Delightful  
"Elizabeth."

**E**VERYBODY makes such a fuss about growing old, especially those people who are only growing that way. The young don't bother; in fact, there is a certain bond of understanding between the old and the young which is entirely absent from the

discover later—to no purpose. And in their place has arisen such a number of joys which, although they were there all the time, didn't look like joys then—when, so to speak, you could simply kick them about as so many buttercups and daisies.

No, the only real tragedies of any age are the growing-pains from one state to another. The tragedy of youth trying to be experienced and old; the tragedy of middle-age taking the becomingness of a shaded light to believe the result as truth; the tragedy of old age left without one inner recourse besides their bodily ailments; yet determined, when they are with younger people, that no one shall ever guess there is any physical difference between them. If we could live our lives out over again—and I, for one, wouldn't want to unless I could begin, so to speak, where now I am leaving off—I think the wisest would be very youthful while young, very middle-aged when middle-aged, and supremely and cosily old when there was no disguising the fact, even to ourselves. Then we should avoid all those torturing struggles between resentment, realisation and resignation which so disturb the inner peace. Always with the proviso, of course, that none of the seven ages found us very poor and very ill; the last stage especially. To be old and ill and very poor—well, a crucifixion is a picnic by comparison!

But to return to our Monday's cold muttons. I often wonder why people are so ashamed of growing old. Everybody does it, and only cocksure youth imagines that it is going to be young for ever. Yet some people—especially women—hide their ages as if they were shielding the acknowledgement of an illegitimate baby. After all, if you're fifty, you're fifty; and although you believe that Mrs. Smith next door takes you for only forty-five, the odds are that she believes you to be not a day younger than sixty. In any case, who cares? Nobody, except, probably, Mrs. Smith, who consoles herself by thinking that she at any rate doesn't look her age. There is such a lot of silly fuss made of being young, and not nearly enough fuss made of the peace and happiness and carefree indifference of being old. If you're fifty, yet scarcely feel or look a day over thirty-five only, good luck is with you. But if you're fifty and feel it, and yet strive to act like thirty-five—heaven help your *entourage*!

The heroine of "Elizabeth's" enchanting new novel, "Mr. Skeffington" (Heinemann; 9s.), took her fiftieth birthday very seriously, though, unlike her relations—everybody's relations—she didn't want it feted openly



LADY ALMA JOLLY

A daughter has just been born to the daughter of the fifth Earl of Clancarty and of Mary, Countess of Clancarty. Lady Alma was married to Mr. Stewart Croft Jolly, son of the late Mr. H. S. Jolly, Chief Registrar of the Supreme Court, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1938.

elderly who refuse to consider themselves more than miraculously well-preserved. Each age has its compensations, and if we were really honest, we would not often exchange them; simply because each age knows its own happiness. It may look dreadfully dull to the young when their elders cannot hop and skip about and make love as if love meant anything permanent at all. But then, the old have no desire to hop and skip, besides the incapacity; while love, as young people understand it, is remembered only as a supreme emotional disturbance, liable to land anyone in all kind of jeopardies and irksome restrictions. No, they are the growing-pains from one age to another which dance about on the verge of being tragic. Nobody wants to go again through the mental growing-pains of the teens and twenties. Nobody wants particularly to remember the ceaseless fight of the thirties to establish their position in this world and look like keeping it. Nobody really wants to dwell on the inner conflict of the forties, when it is subtly but relentlessly brought home to one that "we are not so young as we used to be." The fifties, if you struggle against them, are an undignified contest. But at sixty you can, metaphorically speaking, sit back, put your feet on the mantelpiece, and say to yourself: "Well, that's that! And most of it really wasn't worth all the botheration!"

There is quite a lot of quiet fun left, and not half so much fear. The world is seen almost through new eyes—eyes which are not always being diverted by this and that, and a mind, lying behind them, which is not in a state of perturbation about these and those. Nature never grows old, and the kind of beauty which you don't want to go to bed with remains just as beautiful; in fact, it becomes more so. Besides, when you are old, you can discard so many tiresome, silly, boring things and people; things and people which in the past simply devoured your time and energies; all—so you

MISS DAPHNE BONHAM CARTER

The charming second daughter of Major Algernon Lothian Bonham Carter, of the Manor House, Buriton, Petersfield, and of Mrs. Aurio Gaselee, is engaged to marry Lieutenant Peter Temple Williams, R.N., son of the late Mr. Erl Williams, and of Mrs. G. A. C. Elkington, of Mamaku, Masterton, New Zealand.

with congratulation and acid. But then she had been very, very beautiful, and to lose your beauty is like developing rheumatism at any age—a sure sign that presently somebody will send you a shawl for Christmas. She had married very young a certain Mr. Skeffington, who was a Jew, but very rich. Unfortunately, Mr. Skeffington, although he adored his lovely wife, couldn't resist young typists. However noble and forgiving a wife may be, to forgive unto seventy-times-seven doesn't apparently apply to typists. Fanny forgave her husband unto six; then she divorced him. After which he faded out of her life, and she lived luxuriously on the marriage settlement with which he had provided her. And she was so lovely and so kind-hearted that men grovelled at her feet. Some grovelled longer than others, but all grovelled. She smoothed their bowed heads gently and only appealed to their manliness and better nature when, so to speak, she wished a change of bowed heads. So they went out with broken hearts, but made quick recoveries; soothed during convalescence by the comfort of many gentle, happy memories.

Really it was not until she was nearly fifty that Fanny began to realise that there were no grovellers, and that her

(Continued on page 208)



THE WOMAN AT THE KNITTING PARTY WHO DARED TO KNIT HERSELF A JUMPER

BY H. M. BATEMAN

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

feet were consequently stone cold. It was about this time she began to be haunted by the memory of Mr. Skeffington. If she hadn't divorced him, he would still be there—someone to live with and for; someone who would be feeling sixtyish—always a consolation to the fifties. A very serious illness brought this about perhaps. It also turned poor Fanny from being a beautiful woman into a husk. Now, no husk looks quite so husky as husk which decks itself out as for beauty. All the same, her charm remained and, at times, such were Fanny's reactions to being fifty, that she acted as if she were coming to terms with sixty-five! My own experience is that most people, especially women, when they face fifty, do envisage sixty; but when they find they are feeling much the same, immediately jump back, metaphorically speaking, to the early forties. Perhaps Fanny did; otherwise she would not have sought out some of the men who had been ready to die for her some years ago, to ask their help and advice concerning how she could fill in her life until she was ready to die herself.

Need I go on—except to add that in these re-encounters, "Elizabeth" is at her most amusing, her tenderest, her wittiest, and—shall we say?—most caustic. In the end she is both moving and tender, and the end concerns Mr. Skeffington. There are scenes in this book which I hope to read again and again. Fanny's encounter, for example, with one really old and cross old lady in a forlorn Oxford hotel; her meeting with the fanatic sister of a fanatical young clergyman who had once loved her, where she is mistaken for a "fallen sister"—since no young woman ever came to that house who had not only fallen, but bumped! That other encounter, too, where Fanny seeks out a man who had loved her longer than most, but who had since married, become the father of a family, and not only expected the past to bury the past, but he himself had placed upon it one of those massive tombstones in the flat which always look rather as if the relations of the corpse had done their best to see that his body should not rise again in *their* day. But, indeed, I found the whole story a joy: "Elizabeth" at her very best. And if you are one of her "fans"—as I am—I can promise you a superb gloat.

### Thoughts from "Mr. Skeffington."

**F**rankness becomes rudeness too easily for it ever to be of any real use in conversation."

"It's difficult for a happily married woman to comfort an unhappily married one without sounding smug."

"People who come to tea and stay to dinner seem, towards half-past six, to have been in the house a long while."

"Few things are more disagreeable to a man than for a long-forgotten love to reappear and want to borrow."

"Lamentable when elderly women display emotion. Once there are wrinkles, only dignity is possible."

"How infinitely more dreadful than curses is love-talk coming home to roost."

"The sorry seem always to be those who can't go on because of no longer being attractive. If they are still attractive, they wait to be sorry till they have lost their looks."

### The Story of Winifred Holtby.

**W**hat a human and moving story this is, Vera Brittain's story of the late Winifred Holtby: "Testament of Friendship" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). Some critics have blamed it for its attitude of adoration. I do not agree with them. A friend sees the best in us, and the best is the true. Winifred Holtby's life was a full one; it struck me also as being sad as well. Her superb literary gifts reached fruition only when she was a dying woman. "South Riding" is a great achievement; but it was glorious as the promise of even finer things to come. Death, however, intervened. For the rest, her life was the eager gathering in of experience, of human knowledge, which, alas! in the end could not be used. She has been accused of frittering away her talent on a whole number of side-issues. Even her friend Vera Brittain regrets that she had too many irons in the fires of life; that if she had cut herself adrift from them and devoted herself to writing, and exclusively to writing, she might have accomplished so much more permanent literary work. Yet I wonder perhaps, if she would have achieved as much as she did. It strikes me, more especially after reading this lovely book, that she was not by nature a creative writer. She could best write from knowledge and experience; not from imagination. All the too-many interests in her life—persons, and for causes such as her championship of the South African natives—were so much fodder which, later on, she would use for creative purposes. To write without the urge of enthusiasm is an imprisonment.

Winifred Holtby, as a young woman, possessed too much energy, too much eagerness, too much curiosity, to withdraw herself to concentrate upon

literature alone. Perhaps, had she lived to forty and beyond, she would thus have withdrawn herself; her mind, full of varied experiences and knowledge of humanity and of life. But, alas! she died just when her probationary period seemed to be completed. "South Riding" certainly, and "Poor Caroline," perhaps, will, however, always keep her memory green among lovers of great novels. This "Testament of Friendship" will delight all those who loved these books; while, as a life-story, it is engrossing as a tribute to a woman of lovely courage, whose feeling of pity for others interfered often with her literary attainments, but left behind it the memory of a great-hearted woman. Beautifully written, this book is of real interest; not only to admirers of Winifred Holtby, author, but as a tribute to her as a woman and a friend.



MAJOR AND MRS. RICHARD GLYN

The marriage of Sir Richard Glyn's eldest son and heir to the former Miss Lyndsay Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Baker, of Stoneygate, Leicester, took place just before Christmas. Major Glyn is a Gunner by warlike trade and a barrister by profession. Sir Richard Glyn used to be in the Royals and is the fourth baronet

## SERVICE UNITS—No. 19



THE STAFF OF A RECORD AND PAY OFFICE—BY "MEL"

The people behind the line may not have to seek that bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, but they are a very necessary and important part of a fighting force, no matter of what size it may be. Records are quite as important as pay, if only the fighting soldier could be brought to believe it—for someone must keep the tally. The Officer I/C and his staff of this particular unit are depicted at moments of strenuous work and in some of relaxation.

NEXT WEEK: THE NTH BATTALION SOUTH WALES BORDERERS



THE C.O. AND OFFICERS 8TH BATTALION ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

Like their horsed prototypes of a now bygone age, the mechanised forces of our modern Army have been champing their equivalents of bits during this long period of inactivity. It may not, however, last much longer.

In this interesting group the names are: (standing, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. R. T. Saul, L. F. Morris, J. R. Holliday, Lieut. L. C. Ashton, 2nd Lieuts. B. A. R. Deall, M. B. Sant, A. D. Stevens, R. V. N. Henning, M. C. Ebbutt; (centre, l. to r.) Captain Rev. H. S. Deighton, Captain F. G. Foley, 2nd Lieuts. C. H. Rayment, R. J. Southran, R. D. Nichol, A. J. Flint, J. W. B. Tatam, K. J. Wallace, Captain W. D. Lytle, R.A.M.C.; (front, l. to r.) Captain W. R. Hughes, Major A. R. Martin, Major C. E. Bootman, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Perkins, C.O., Captain J. L. Winberg (Adj't.), Major R. Hyland, Q.M., and Major K. C. Booker.

**T**HE ex-Kaiser of Germany says, under date Feb. 2: "The belligerents should stop fighting and join their forces to help the Finns. They should fight in one line to rid the world and civilisation of Bolshevism." In these notes published in *The Tatler* of Dec. 13 the gentleman to whom it was more discreet to refer as "The Prophet" said: "The Powers engaged upon the Western deadlock must drop it like a red-hot coal and combine against a common peril—the Muscovite." He added that unless they did, it could only be a matter of time before Russia obtained submarine bases on the Atlantic coast.

\* \* \*

**O**nce upon a time there lived a great humorist named Alfred Lester, whose motto was "Always merry and bright," and who said, in the further course of the ditty, with which his name will ever be connected, "Cheer up, cully, you'll soon be dead!" He has just been reincarnated in the person of a famous writer and lecturer upon warfare, Captain Liddell Hart, the officer of whom some generals seem to be so fond.

\* \* \*

**C**aptain Liddell Hart, if we may judge by a recent arresting article in the *Evening Standard*, does not think very much of the chances of the Allies on the sea, on the land, or in the air, and believes that the only road to victory is a modernised form of "excommunication"—an elaboration, in fact, of the power which the Popes wielded of old. The Popes "cooled the blood of power-lusting



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD WARD, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS COMMENTATOR

The broadcast commentaries from the Finland front by Lord Bangor's only son are the best war despatches we get. Her Majesty the Queen is said to be one of his "fans." The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward is the former Miss Mary Middleton.

## Pictures in the Fire

rulers." That is so. But the people it is considered desirable to excommunicate at the moment do not care a tinker's male-diction about any Pope, and as to the modern elaboration, you cannot send anyone to Coventry unless everyone else joins in. This seems to me to be a great barrier in the present case, because no one seems to see the wit of joining in for a common cause.

\* \* \*

As to any other methods, our

lecturer says about (a) **THE SEA**: that the fact that "the greater part of Germany's frontiers remain open to neutral trade . . . turns the edge of our best weapon." I think, if I may say so, that I should like to reserve the point for argument before a Full Bench! I would remind the erudite lecturer that the enemy has already volunteered something about the "stranglehold of the British blockade"; (b) **THE LAND**: Captain Liddell Hart states that now "a 3 to 1 superiority in weapons, not merely in numbers of men," is necessary to give the attacking side a reasonable chance. Is not a 3 to 1 superiority a somewhat too conservative estimate, in view of the known nature of two modern defensive systems? If we venture to think that the Allied strength may be taken at roughly 4,000,000 by the spring, then Germany would need an army of 12,000,000 to give the Corporal Hitler a sporting chance of being crowned King of England in April. These are astronomical figures! I suggest that if



DONALD BUDGE AND MISS ANNE GRAHAM

Donald, now a lawn tennis pro., is famous for foot-faults. This predilection was not noticeable, so they say, when he was dancing with this charming lady at the Waldorf Astoria, New York



A RAND LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENTAL DINNER IN JOHANNESBURG

This South African unit is allied to our own Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, as are also a Canadian and an Australian regiment. This dinner took place at the Langham Hotel in Jo'burg last month.

In the picture are: (l. to r.) Lieut.-Colonel J. O. Henney, V.D., the O.C., Councillor G. W. Nelson, M.P.C., Mrs. F. L. A. Buchanan, Mrs. G. W. Nelson, Mrs. J. O. Henney, Mrs. A. A. Hayton, Colonel F. L. A. Buchanan, O.C. 9th Brigade, and Colonel A. A. Hayton, O.C. 5th Brigade.

By "SABRETACHE"



MISS KATHLEEN KENNEDY  
AND MR. TORBERT McDONALD

Two more dancers, this time at the Patio Night Club, Palm Beach, Fla., where the American Ambassador's daughter is vacationing—or, as we should say, on holiday enjoying herself

that last autumn it is probable that Germany's bomber strength was considerably superior to the combined strength, in this class of weapon, of Great Britain and France, and that Germany's fighter strength was at least equal. He gives us one small crumb of comfort when he adds: "that margin of advantage is being reduced." His final conclusion is, however, that there is "no support for the idea that the air can be decisive by itself." I really believe that those of us who are even stupider than "The Corporal" never believed that the Junior Arm could win the war unsupported. But in the present case it is very heavily supported. The people who plough

Captain Liddell Hart's estimate is correct, at the moment Germany is about 7,000,000 shy. He says that Britain and France have no chance of attaining such a superiority. What is the rough estimate of the casualties in a major attack on the Allied line?

\* \* \*

**T**HAT pins-in-the-map strategist, the Austrian Corporal, at one of the many moments when he was overwhelmed by the exuberance of his own verbosity, said that he was quite ready to "sacrifice two million men to smash the Maginot Line." "Sacrifice" is, of course, the operative word. I think "The Corporal" is a flaming optimist if he thinks in those terms. A 50 per cent. loss in such an attack is quite on the cards. And lastly (c) THE AIR: Captain Liddell Hart says

Unless memory is at fault, this Yeomanry regiment used to be called "The Devil's Own," because it has so much to do with the Law. The Hon. Colonel is Lord Hailsham, and they are still a horsed unit—and will be badly wanted

The names are: (back row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieuts. A. S. Wells, C. J. van D. Edwards, G. G. Rogers, Lieut. D. M. Hatton, 2nd Lieut. J. A. Greig; (centre, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. H. E. Manisty, 2nd Lieut. Sir James Ritchie, Bt., Captain J. A. G. Scott, Captain J. W. G. Hoare, Lieut. W. S. Addiscott, Lieut. and Q.M. W. H. Whitehorn, Lieut. A. E. V. Barker; (front row, l. to r.) Captain G. A. E. Peyton, Major H. J. Grainger, Major F. M. Welstord, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Newson, M.C., T.D., Major E. M. K. Mead, Captain E. Morley-Fletcher, Captain R. A. G. Bingley (Adj't).

#### THE C.O. AND OFFICERS, INNS OF COURT REGIMENT

the billows and the people who cleave the skies seem to be putting up a pretty fair combined act.

\* \* \*

**H**OWEVER, as poor Alfred Lester used to sing: "Cheer up, cully, you'll soon be dead!" There is really nothing like being thoroughly "merry and bright" and raising the national morale by every means at your disposal! I think, nevertheless, that it is desirable to pick the right nation. "The Corporal" ought to be very pleased!

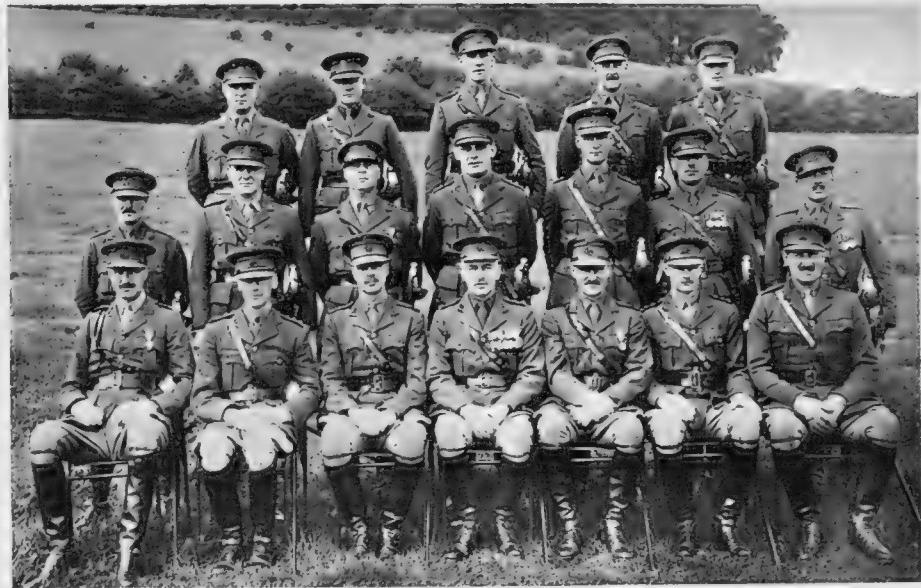
Not having my tail gummed down, I lay 2 to 1 on "Stranglehold" and 10 to 1 against "Excommunication"—in fact, I do not think the latter is even a starter.

\* \* \*

**I**NFORMATION which has no military value, but is only a straw which may show the direction in which the wind is setting, even with the Germans, whom we believe are strongly agin the present régime, because they belong to the Junker class, is contained in a letter which has arrived by a roundabout route and was written by a Frau Baronin. Part of it runs:

"It is not the Big Man whom we blame, but this ugly little deformed monkey."

If that letter had been opened by the Gestapo, this lady would by now have been the late Frau Baronin, and it is for this reason that it is not proposed to give even an inkling of the part of Germany from which she wrote. If ever she sees this, I hope she will read that I think her very foolish ever to have put such words on paper. It is extremely dangerous, and I cannot understand how it ever got through. It is extremely difficult for any letters to get out of Germany and how this one did, beats me!



A CHARMING SITTER AND A CLEVER ARTIST

The charming sitter is the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock (Adelaide Stanley, a sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley and a clever actress), and the artist is Miss Jessica Stonor, niece of the late Sir Harry Stonor. An exhibition of her works opened at the Ackermann Galleries on February 8



BRIGADIER AND MRS. H. N. H.  
WILLIAMSON

This picture was taken at that well-known place, "Somewhere in England," where Brigadier H. N. H. Williamson is commanding that equally well-known unit of the Royal Regiment, the 11th Brigade. Brigadier Williamson, before the outbreak, was a member of the Royal Artillery Committee at Woolwich

## "TOWARDS THE SECOND MILLION"

A Red Cross Luncheon at the Mansion House



LADY CROMER

CAPTAIN J. C. C. BULLOCK, SIR WILLIAM GOSCHEN, LADY LIMERICK  
AND SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY

MRS. J. R. BRYANS

THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE  
AND SIR ERNEST BENNMR. S. F. ROUS, LORD WIGRAM  
AND LORD CAMROSETHE DOWAGER LADY AMPHILL AND  
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODELADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, LORD CROMER  
AND MR. WALTER PAYNE

The Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund for the Sick and Wounded in the War has now reached well beyond the million-pound mark, and a luncheon was given recently by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House to mark this splendid achievement. Lord Cromer, chairman of the executive committee of the wartime organisation of the British Red Cross Society, proposed the health of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and expressed the thanks of the fund's organisers to the Lord Mayor. Other Red Cross and St. John workers who were present included Lady Louis Mountbatten, Chairman of the Ladies' Committee; Mrs. J. R. Bryans, daughter of Sir John Gilmour, who is head of the Enquiry Department; the Dowager Lady Ampthill, joint head of the trained nurses department; Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Vice-Chairman of the B.R.C.S., and Lord Wigram, Chairman of the Sports Committee.

COLONEL PEROWNE TALKING TO  
LORD PLENDER

*Spenight, New Bond Street***H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD**

Her Royal Highness's promotion from Controller of the Auxiliary Territorial Service to Chief Controller of this fine force of women was gazetted on January 26, and the news has been received with much satisfaction by all ranks, owing in no small measure to H.R.H.'s great personal popularity. In the above picture the Princess Royal is in the uniform of the Girl Guides. The Princess is also Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Corps of Signals, of the Royal Scots, the first regiment of the Line, and Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Society.

# Priscilla in Paris

If the B.E.F. knew what the French Army finds itself up against sometimes—when in hospital—it would weep tears of sympathy and forgive any shortcomings it has to contend with in the local *estaminets*. Not that I have come across any grumbler personally—except anent the price of beer and, maybe, the superabundance of garlic where “pixied mickles” would be more welcome. A lad from a Tank *bataillon* wrote me only this morning that: “... the people are very friendly and treat us like Kings and Princes, which is all most satisfactory, but, of course, they are not capable of stopping the snow falling, the rain raining, and the mist from settling! The invasion of their homes and cafés is rather disconcerting, to say the least, there are difficulties when the local *madame’s* best orchard grass is used for tank manœuvres and a tree or so gets in the way, it also takes a bit of time before they are able to fix the prices and deal adequately with the catering, but it is amazing how well they manage it all in the end.”

The cafés are... cafés in the part of the world I have just visited, but *café* or *estaminet*, it is all one in the matter of good food for the soldier. I got tired of trudging through a mile and a half of snow between my hotel and the hospital four times a day, and at last discovered, within more reasonable distance, a small café patronised by the chauffeurs of the nearby G.H.Q. Mine hostess was somewhat dubious as to whether this, that, and the other, but I calmed her fears and drinks all round (that were mostly *café-crèmes*) ensured my footing. I wish I had found this haven sooner. Instead of pretentious many-course meals in a tepid-steam-heated dining-room complete with carpets and caryatides, I sat down to a comforting *potage-aux-légumes* and a savoury dish of stew (not innocent of garlic, I admit—but then this country caught me young!) at a wooden table drawn close to a red-hot stove, on which stood a big pot of simmering water full of bottles of red wine.

Oh, my little Me—, but what a lot there is to be said for a piping hot drink of *vin chaud* when the thermometer registers minus 25° under the icy light of the cold, cold moon. Very lovely, of course, the snow-covered world under the luminous sky, and impressive the utter silence, only broken by the strange little rustling sound of a belated wayfarer making ghostly progress through the empty streets, but mighty cruel to fingers, toes and noses! The soldiers talked freely in front of me, and I was interested to discover how little they



Star Presse

**GERMAINE AUSSEY**

This lovely French film-star has the distinction of having travelled over to Hollywood with a gold-minting contract in her handbag, gone all homesick after a fortnight of Californian glitter, packed her bags and made her way back to France, where she is now doing good work with the Red Cross

**T**RÈS CHER—I wonder if you got my last letter, written from a base hospital somewhere in the Vosges. Given that it still takes at least four days to send a letter from Paris to London, it is quite possible that my war-zone missive may have done a bit of loitering-without-intent betwixt Never-You-Mind-Where-on-the-Snow-and-Ice and Hazelwood—Now-on-the-Slush! The world is rapidly melting as I write, but the frozen week I have just passed in the *zone des armées* reduced me to tears, or would have done had I not feared that they might freeze on my best Lizzie Arden complexion as my breath froze on the upturned edges of my collar. The hospitals in France are invariably overheated, and it is no picnic for the internal economy of one’s breathing apparatus to go from plus 23° centigrade to minus 25° with the opening and shutting of a door. Not that I noticed it much at the time. That I now comment on the fact shows that my Stable Mate has turned the heel safely. (I mean “corner,” of course, but knitting holds such a place in one’s life these days that one’s speech becomes as mixed as one’s needles!) On the eve of my departure he was able to sit up in bed and cuss the orderly who brought him his dinner. I was sorry for the orderly, but I saw my S.M.’s point of view. A couple of eggs-on-the-plate having viscously appeared, with ‘orrid monotony, at every meal ever since the *toubib* major prescribed “light but nourishing food,” I made discreet enquiries. It was soon discovered that the hospital cook and his underlings were down with *la grippe*, and that the sole survivor in the kitchen was the scullery boy, whose culinary talents ran to three dishes only: *œufs sur le plat*, saveloys if a pork shop is handy and sardines if he can find the tin-opener.



Voinquel

**ARLETTY**

Arletty was one of the delightful team, including Louis Jouvet and Annabella, which made London enthuse over that wonderful film, *Hôtel du Nord*. Arletty’s latest, *Fric-Frac*, is judged by Paris to be well up to standard, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before London has the chance of confirming that opinion

spoke about the war. Their home affairs were of far more importance. There were three Vosgian wood-cutters that I liked to listen to. How they loved their trees and their job. I know now that a woodman’s best work is done between 6 a.m. and midday. He reckons that the afternoon is only *pour bricoler* (odd jobs—usually synonymous with poaching!) and that if a man hasn’t done his day’s work in the morning, that day is as good as wasted. This sounds a pretty good creed to me, and with Summer Time near at hand, one might do worse than plan one’s days on these lines.

I arrived back in Paris in time for the première of the new Revue at the Nouveautés, where Jeanne Aubert has scored another success. Marguerite Moreno, Dorin and Bob Burnier are also in the cast. It is one of the best shows in town.

PRISCILLA.

## SNOW UNCENSORED



PRINCESS ANNA BONCOMPAGNI  
WON HER RACE



PRINCE CONSTANTIN LIECHTENSTEIN  
AND COUNTESS CHARLES H. SEILERN



CONTE GIORGIO DEL BONO, ZUBER THE GUIDE  
AND MISS FERNANDA MUNN WANAMAKER



MISS ALICE DODD AND M. RUDOLF  
ROMINGER, SKI CHAMPION



DR. RALPH  
BENATZKY



M. NOLDI  
GARTMANN

MRS. SIDNEY BEER COMES UNDER  
THE STARTER'S ORDERS

We do not know whether the enemy would care to know that snow has been falling and the sun has been shining *comme d'habitude* in the neighbourhood of St. Moritz. In any case, we hand him the information on a page of very happy pictures of just that thing happening, taken not so long ago with the full approval of Sir Walter Monckton. St. Moritz is in fact reporting one of the best seasons ever, so far as weather is concerned, though of course they are feeling the effects of the war in the scarcity of visitors from these shores. Of those lucky people who either live or have got there and who came under the camera's eye at a ski-race meeting organised by the Palace ski-club, the Conte del Bono comes from the Italian Embassy in Paris, while Miss Alice Dodd is the daughter of Mr. Arthur Dodd, fortunate owner of a charming chalet at St. Moritz. Her brother, Mr. Christopher Dodd, is competing in sterner spheres, having recently been commissioned in a Guards regiment. Among the Swiss contingent was Dr. Ralph Benatzky, well-known composer of light music, world famous for his *White Horse Inn*. His new opera, *Angelina*, is to be performed at Basle shortly. Champions both are M. Noldi Gartmann, winner of the Olympic bobsleigh championship in 1936, and M. Rudolf Rominger, Swiss ski champion. The meeting was organised by Zuber, a prominent member of that great breed of men the Swiss guides

## THE LIMERICK HUNT BALL W

MR. GEORGE MALCOLMSON  
AND MISS "BABS" SMITH

LIES FRO

L. to r. (sitting): Mr. Brian Rogers, Mrs. Dermot McGlynn,  
Mr. Frankie Boylan, Colonel Geoffrey Brooke, Mrs. Lennox  
Mrs. Eustace-Duckett and Mr. John

MR. I. R. ALDER AND  
MRS. JOHN PATERSONMISS BETTY GOODBODY,  
A STAUNCH  
LIMERICK SUPPORTER

The Limerick decided this year to hold their ball in Dublin, at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, instead of in the county town of their own fine western domain, and the decision was probably wise from every point of view: the transport one no less than the financial one, for it was extensively backed up by people from other hunts from far and from near. As, for instance, the Kilkenny were represented by their popular O.C., Major Dermot McCalmont, who is with a lady famous with the Kildare; Miss Anne Gregory, Joint-Master, with Mrs. Patrick Grey (*née* Anne Hickman), from West Waterford; Major "Huby" Watt, from the United, who, to that country's regret, is giving up at the end of this season; Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth, gallantly carrying on for her husband; Mr. Levins Moore, Joint-Master of the Ward,



MISS ANNE GREGORY AND SIR ERNEST GOFF

AN INTERVAL FOR THE SOOTHING CIGARETTES  
MR. ION VILLIERS-STUART, EX-M.F.H. (W)

## WHICH WAS HELD IN DUBLIN



FRONT !  
L to R: Miss Betty Goodbody, Mrs. John Alexander and Lady Jocelyn; (standing) Mr. Cyril McCormack, M.F.H., Mr. J. McClintonck, Mr. Ion Villers-Stuart, M.F.H. (Waterford), Mr. John Alexander, M.F.H. (Limerick)



Photos. : Poole, Dublin  
FRONT : L. TO R.: THE COUNTESS TAAFFE,  
MR. CYRIL McCORMACK (M.F.H.,  
WATERFORD), AND LADY HEMPHILL .

ran second to Workman in last year's Grand National. He is certain to be wanted at Aintree again this year. Mrs. John Paterson, who is with him in the picture, hunts with the Grafton. Finally, Mr. John Alexander is carrying on the Limerick unaided this season, as the Hon. Chris Furness (son of Lord Furness an ex-M.F.H.), his partner, has had to resign for some sterner work which is now toward



MISS DEIDRE SHEPHERD  
AND MAJOR "HUBY"  
WATT, M.F.H. (UNITED)



MISS ANNE GREGORY, M.F.H.,  
AND MR. CYRIL McCORMACK  
TAKE THE FLOOR

seen above with his charming fiancée, and now that Lord Fingall has had to go off to the war, in sole command; and Mr. Ion Villers-Stuart, who was Joint-Master and Master of the West Waterford continuously from 1923 to 1937—which is enough of a list to be going on with. But in addition there was a mass of Ireland's brightest riding talent of both sexes, Miss Betty Goodbody and Sir Ernest Goff, one of the cracks amongst Irish Corinthians, and I. R. Alder, who is a "professor," and was on the back of MacMoffat, who



ENGAGED : MISS JANE GILL AND MR. ANDREW LEVINS MOORE (J.T.-M.S.H., THE WARD)



MAJOR DERMOT McCALMONT AND MRS. FRANKIE BOYLAN



Yevonde

**THIS WEEK'S WEDDING : MISS HELEN HUITFELDT'S  
TO MR. JOHN ARKELL**

The future bride is half Norwegian, her father having been Minister to Denmark, and her mother is English. Mr. Arkell is a subaltern in a battalion of the K.R.R.C., and in peacetime was Assistant Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of Rural England. He is a member of the Leander B.C. and when up at Oxford was captain of the Christ Church B.C. The wedding is on the 17th

**W**AR gives us the most peculiar paradoxes. One of them is that now that we have conquered the skies we are forced to live in the cellar, and another is that being armed to the teeth we are grimly fighting a war of words. And so everyone is lecturing everybody else, no doubt with the most far-reaching results; but so far I am nowhere at all in this lecturing war to the death and I take the view that it is high time I squeezed myself on to the platform and said my piece to the customers.

Well, I want to tell you all that writing is a very tough job indeed. Those men and women, if there are any, who do not have to write for a living can have no idea what a tough job writing is and how it calls for extraordinary qualities of endurance... But let us not misunderstand one another. I do not mean that the writing itself presents any difficulties, or getting the ideas, or the style, or what-have-you. While as for grammar, the considered opinion of most front-rank writers is that you can have grammar, for the last surviving grammatical writers are dying of starvation and neglect, and serve them right for not pleasing the customers. What I wish to say is that there is nothing in the business of writing, it is easy, and any silly ass can do it and most silly asses do do it. It is what goes *with* writing that is very tough. It is the blame you get. The abuse. The dirty cracks. The hard words. Dear me, you would be surprised at the abuse a writer gets chucked at him, and this is very tormenting if you are a sensitive and retiring man like Mr. Bernard Shaw or myself.

But before we break down and cry, I must say at once that you get praise as well, and I enjoy that part of writing very much. I like praise, and anybody who says he does not is a liar, and what I wish to point out in this lecture on war aims is that there is not enough applause handed out all round. People should applaud much more, and so other people will be happy. Surely that is sense, or am I crazy? While it cannot be denied that all the customers everywhere need more and more guns and aeroplanes, what they also need is a Society called the P.D.A.E., or People Don't Applaud Enough. And when this Society has been founded on a sound Nuffield basis it will be a pretty gesture on the part

## I LECTURE THE CUSTOMERS

By MICHAEL ARLEN

of the thousands upon thousands of sour-faced men and congenitally bitchy women, of whom there is never any acute shortage even on Greenland's icy mountain, to take a nice holiday from themselves and join.

You find a number of people who are very reluctant to praise, and in defence of this attitude they say that "indiscriminate praise is bad for you." Now in this connection I should like to point out that indiscriminate praise is very warming to the spirits of both giver and taker, and I should like to add further that if most of us got a pat on the back only when we deserved a pat on the back we should all be falling backwards for lack of any contributory support. There is also the medical angle to be considered. Praise is much better for people than any amount of green vegetables, and what is more it has one great advantage over green vegetables, particularly spinach, in that it can be taken at any time between meals.

We must now consider Flattery, on which I am an authority, for it is well known that I am lacking in rugged grandeur but not in suavity, and in my time I have been described by Mr. Beverley Nichols as being "more brilliantine than brilliant," which is the kind of dirty crack you get to expect if you consort with people like Public Beverley No. 1 or even Public Beverley No. 2. Well, as to flattery there is an old Chinese proverb quoted in Miss Vicki Baum's very excellent novel "Nanking Road": "Anyone who gives me milk is my mother." Now that is very good sense, though of course open to misunderstandings if practised unsuitably, but all the same a drop or two of this Chinese milk is to be strongly recommended for the use of right-thinking men and women.

Let people rid themselves of their deep-rooted suspicion of flattery. Let them hand it out and let them take it as part of the daily ceremony of living. I get very bored indeed with people who tell me that they "mistrust" those who flatter them. Me, I do not mistrust flatterers, and I do not trust them either. What is all this nonsense, anyway, about trusting or mistrusting people with whom one lunches or dines or passes the time of day? All we want of them and of ourselves is to be agreeable, and then we pass on. What does it matter if, after having been very nice to our faces, they are malicious about us later? For me, people can say what they like behind my back, and good luck to them, but what do I care what happens behind my back, where I haven't even any buttons to worry me? And if you want to make a malicious joke about somebody it is obviously more suitable to make it behind his or her back, as I always do, so that later on you can deny it when it gets round to the person concerned, or if denial won't do you have a very good excuse for travelling. Myself, I have been darn nearly round the world twice.

For example, now, suppose I were to meet the Dean of Canterbury, which is really very unlikely, for I should not at all like to mix with the kind of people he knows. But just suppose I were to find myself facing up to the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, you can take it as established beyond all doubt that I should be as polite as dammit. But what would I say afterwards? What would I say behind the Dean's back? Having given the old boy a spot of the old Chinese milk to his face, would I refrain from making dirty cracks behind his back? You bet I would not refrain. I would pour ridicule and contempt on the Very Reverend, for has he not said in so many words that Communism is the Christianity of the future, and did he not say the other day that a great part of the true spirit of Christianity does now reside in Soviet Russia? Now I do not know anything at all about this question of Christian residence, but if the Dean of Canterbury really thinks that that revolting looking Georgian in his soiled chauffeur's cap, the bloodthirsty tyrant over 180,000,000 people, knows more about it than we do, then it is this lecturer's considered opinion that the Dean should go into conference with himself with a view to establishing whether or not he is a very misguided old man.

I have to apologise to the customers for having lost the thread of my discourse, but the truth of the matter is that this absorbing lecture was merely a cunning contrivance aimed at inviting the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, a proud and obstinate Communist prelate in a Christian country, to go and take a running-jump at himself.

## GOOD FILMS FOR THE FANS



LILLIAN BOND AS LILY LANGTRY IN "THE WESTERNER"



MARY MARTIN AND ALLAN JONES IN "THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"



JUDITH BARRETT AND WILLIAM HENRY IN "TELEVISION SPY"

*Television Spy*, which has already won full marks at the Plaza, is a Paramount general release on March 25, and the London verdict is sure to be endorsed, for it is full of thrills and visualises a future development in espionage. William Henry plays the inventor of a new televizor, and Judith Barrett Gwen Lawson, daughter of the hero's greatest rival. The rest you can almost guess. *The Westerner*, in which Lillian Bond ought to bring the lovely Jersey Lily back to life, is still in production in Hollywood. We are bound to take a lively interest in this story in England. Marlene Dietrich's new departure into a picture in which the greatest cat-fight in film history is displayed came to us at the Leicester Square Theatre on February 9, and naturally everyone who has not been to see her fight her weight in wild cats is certain to do so. *The Great Victor Herbert*, in which Mary Martin and Allan Jones have star parts, has its première at the Plaza on February 16. The picture above is not of a scene in the film

AND LA DIETRICH IN HER WILD-CAT FILM  
"DESTRY RIDES AGAIN"

# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

**H**IS bedroom black-out was really most effective, and he awoke with the feeling that he had overslept. After switching on the light, he found it was nine o'clock, the time at which he should have been at the office.

He dressed hastily, dashed out without any breakfast, and arrived at the office at 9.30.

"So sorry I'm half an hour late, sir; I overslept," he said to his chief.

"That's all right," replied his boss blandly, "but what about Monday and Tuesday?"

\* \* \*

**T**he inspector was examining the boys in arithmetic. "Now," he said, "I'll set you one more problem. If a cat falls down a bottomless well, and for every two feet it climbs up it falls down three, how long will it take to get out?"

One boy took a sheet of paper, and after filling both sides with a mass of figures, asked for another.

"Good gracious!" snapped the inspector, "haven't you sense enough to see that the cat will never get out of the well?"

"Don't be in a hurry, sir," replied the boy. "There's plenty of time, and heaps more paper. If you give me long enough, I'll bring the little beggar out in Australia."

\* \* \*

**A**t the conclusion of a Nature class, the teacher asked her small pupils:

"And don't you think it is wonderful, children, how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

But one quick-witted little eight-year-old went one better:

"But what gets me, miss, is how they get in," she remarked.

\* \* \*

"Was she furious when he broke off the engagement?" asked the first sweet young thing.

"Furious!" answered the second. "Why, she took off her ring and flung it on to her right hand!"

\* \* \*

"Ere," protested a private, "who the so-and-so spread the butter on this 'ere bread?"

"I did—and what abaht it?" growled a huge and aggressive-looking corporal.

The private subsided. "That's orl right, mate," he murmured. "But what I wants to know is—who scraped it orf again?"

\* \* \*

"And how high does your balloon go?" asked the old lady.

The sergeant grinned.

"Funny you should ask that, ma'am," he replied. "I've been wondering about it all day. You see, when we pulled it in this morning, we looked on top, and there, large as life, lay a bloomin' 'arp."

\* \* \*

**A** Chinese mandarin of lofty rank attended a fashionable dance one evening.

He watched for some time the contortions and kicks of the young men and women of Society as they danced; then he turned to his hostess, and said in a tone of mild astonishment: "Can't you get your servants to do this for you?"



JUDY SHIRLEY

The latest portrait of this talented young actress, well known as a variety and radio star, who is now having a great success playing Frances Day's part in the tour of *Black and Blue*, the Hippodrome hit of immediately before the war. Judy Shirley was recently heard over the air as a guest artist with Henry Hall's band.



Maurice Seymour

CHRISTINE FORSYTH

Successive editions of that light-hearted show, *George White's Scandals*, are a perennial feature of the New York stage, and their appeal for the public is not hard to explain when the cast includes such talented charmers as Christine Forsyth, now dancing in the current edition at the Alvin Theatre, New York. A very successful film of the *Scandals* was made some years ago, with Alice Faye as its star.

**T**he young man was burning the candle at both ends. Seldom did he arrive home until the early hours of the morning. Finally his father decided to tackle him on the subject.

"Don't you think," he said sternly, "that you ought to mend your ways?"

The young man nodded.

"Well, Dad," he replied, "I've at last decided to settle down and do some work."

"And what are you thinking of doing?" asked the now-surprised parent.

"I think I'll take up poultry-farming," said the young man.

"H-m!" sniffed his father. "Better try owls; their hours would suit you better."

"LADIES IN  
RETIREMENT"  
AT THE  
ST. JAMES'S  
THEATRE



AT THE TOP :

MARY CLARE (THE MURDERESS),  
MARY MERRALL (THE VICTIM)  
AND OLGA SLADE

LEFT : JOAN KEMP-WELCH  
AND RICHARD NEWTON

RIGHT : MARGARET WATSON  
AND PHYLLIS MORRIS

TOMTITT—

One of the ladies in this murder play goes into permanent retirement in an oven in which her destroyer bricks her up. Mary Clare plays Ellen Creed, the murderer, and, as ever, squeezes every ounce of acting value out of her part. She does in her wealthy employer, Leonora Fiske (Mary Merrall), because (a) she wants her hoard of money, conveniently and stupidly kept in the oven; and (b) because she wants the house so that her two half-witted sisters (played by Margaret Watson and Phyllis Morris) can continue living there. Whether in real life Ellen Creed would get away with it does not matter, for the fact remains that Messrs. Percy and Denham's play has dug itself in at the St. James's, and is attracting a public "jury" at every performance. Reginald Denham has just had another successful play, *First Night*, produced at the Richmond Theatre

## AT THE REOPENING OF THE PARIS CINEMA



MRS. LOYD AND SIR RICHARD CRUISE

MORE GUESTS: LADY RENNIE, MR. CRUGER  
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. LIONEL NEAMELADY GREVILLE AND HER SON,  
THE HON. RONALD GREVILLEMRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL ARRIVED  
WITH LADY CASTLEROSENCETHE HON. EDWARD AND LADY HELEN JESSEL  
AND LADY JESSELGLADYS LADY SWAYTHLING  
AND CAPITAINE DU TOUR

Everyone who was lucky enough to have been invited responded with alacrity for the opening of that comfortable movie-house, the Paris Cinema, in Lower Regent Street, and which is the opposite number of that other luxury theatre, the Curzon. The two films picked by the selection committee for this reopening were Gary Cooper's best picture, *One Sunday Afternoon*, and that fine thriller, *The Lady Vanishes*, and it is the intention of the management to present a double feature in each new programme. As will be observed from the pictures above, well-knowns and celebs. abounded. Amongst the latter, Sir Dick Cruise, who has a great eye for an eye and also for a country, for he is almost as good a man to hounds as he is an eye surgeon; Lady Rennie, seen arriving with a party of friends, the widow of the late Sir Ernest Rennie, who was a kinsman of Lord Anglesey; Lady Greville, who brought her only son; and Mrs. Archie Campbell, who arrived with Lady Castlerosse, is a sister-in-law of Sir Guy Campbell; and Lady Swaythling is with the French Naval Attaché. The Hon. Edward Jessel, Lord Jessel's only son, married Lord and Lady Londonderry's third daughter, and Lady Jessel came along with them to enjoy the good entertainment provided



UNFADING ELEGANCE WITH  
**ELIZABETH ARDEN'S**  
 ESSENTIAL PREPARATIONS

Sophistication and simplicity may walk hand in hand... To-day the world's loveliest and wisest women—leaders of fashion wherever they go—realise that though their beauty regime must be thorough, it need not be elaborate or expensive. Night and morning they *Cleanse, Tone, Nourish* with Elizabeth Arden's famous Essential Preparations—her *Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic* and *Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food* (the latter particularly recommended if the skin is dry). To ensure a perfect make-up they use Miss Arden's exquisite powder and lipsticks—in combination with her new and immensely popular *All Day Foundation*, if the day they confront is likely to be long and arduous. No need to touch their faces again till the evening is done with. Round the clock their complexion is flawless—their charm unfading! *Cleansing Cream 4/6 \* Skin Tonic 4/- \* Velva Cream 4/6 \* All Day Foundation 5/6*

*Elizabeth Arden*

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

# DEUTSCHE GRENZE

By C. E. W.  
MACKINTOSH

**T**HREE was an irrepressible look of victory in Tony's blue eyes as his climbing-boots clattered up the village street towards the *Gasthaus* in Bergbach.

With Lugi, his guide, he had succeeded in scaling the north face of the Blauberg. Tradition had said that the north face was sacred to the mountain gods, and that no human being could trespass there without paying for his enterprise with death. Local guides could recite a page of names that gave ample evidence to support this myth. Now the spell had been broken, and Tony and his guide realised the magnitude of their achievement and the thrill it would produce in the *Gaststube* when the result of their four days' climb was announced.

The *Gaststube* seemed unusually subdued; no one pressed forward to ask how they had fared. It flashed through Tony's mind that the breaking of the legend might be resented by the villagers: mountain-dwellers are often superstitious. His thoughts were abruptly interrupted by Karl, the village policeman. "In the name of the Führer and the German Reich, you are arrested for spying on the frontier. You will be confined in our police cell until instructions are received from Landeck." War had been declared two days before. Tony was stunned by the situation; elation changed rapidly to despair; a charge of espionage could mean only one sentence. His mind flashed back to the myths of the Blauberg Spirit and he wondered if the guides would, with a shrug of their powerful shoulders, add his name to the death-roll of the north face.

Weeks went by, but no instructions arrived from Landeck. Tony saw no one except his jailor and occasionally Anna, who would creep round to his cell window at night to bring him white wine and *salami* to augment his frugal diet. To her he had shone as a hero, and because she now pitied him, her whole heart went out to him. Once she whispered to him, "Wenn der Schnee kommt, dann kommst du 'raus bei Nacht übers Joch nach Italien, aber vergiss mich nicht."

Impatiently he watched autumn brewing the winter weather. The grey mountain-ash in front of his small cell-window had laboured feverishly to put the last touches of colour into its scarlet berries to attract the birds when winter came. That task complete, the rich sap retired into the deep roots for protection and settled down to hibernate.

At last the weather broke. The *Föhn* blew furiously, no leaf was spared, shutters banged, and tiles and slates sailed into the air. Autumn had indeed prepared a violent herald. But presently the wind subsided and it snowed. For two solid days it snowed. First the wet, heavy flakes composed of more than one flake stuck together; then the colder single flakes,

and on the second day the small, tight flakes of powder snow, until the bare brown of autumn disappeared under the rich ermine coat of winter.

Anna had said, "When the snow comes," and as Tony looked out over the enchanted scene he racked his brain to remember a verse about snow which said it was beautiful:

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and the earth below;  
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel and fickle as love.

Gradually the pink light faded into darkness. Karl, the jailor, completed his evening round and squeaked away in his mountain-boots. It was midnight when Anna came in at the door. "I had a key—all the keys in the village are the same. Schrubler, the locksmith, can only make one kind. If you leave now you should reach the Joch by dawn. The skis are outside the door." She looked him straight in the face—"Ein letzten kuss" ("A last kiss"). And so away, following the track to the cowshed and then into the pine-trees behind. Tony was on the open alp above the tree-level in less than two hours. Dawn was breaking as he reached the col 11,000 ft. above sea-level. Down in the valley, 8000 ft. below, he could see the smoke of the breakfast fires float from one chalet chimney after another. Now he was safe, and in a few hours he would be in Vippiteno. He was busy taking the skins off his skis when he heard a warning rumble from the Blauberg. The rumble developed into a groaning roar as the huge snowfield slid down over the north face, tearing away ice, snow and boulders as it crashed relentlessly to the valley below. Trees were snapped like matchsticks or torn roots from the ground. The speckled mass hurled itself across the valley, scarring the ground as it went with erratic black scratches.

Tony contemplated the scene with horror in the deathly silence that followed. The avalanche had blocked the valley and behind the massive dam a dangerous lake would quickly form. That would be the end of all his village friends in Bergbach.

If he went back to warn them he would probably be shot; if he went on he would be free and safe, but all the villagers would be killed—Anna would be killed.

In a second his skis were on and in another those powerful shoulders came into action as he pushed himself off on his sticks. The *schuss* was easy on the alp as the snow was deep and the running smooth. In spite of it all he was enjoying this run.

(Continued on page i)



THE ICE MARTENS  
AT WESTMINSTER

While Captain Hubert Martineau, Ice Marten No. 1, is busy at the War Office, Mr. Herbert J. Stuart, seen on the right of this group, is keeping their dancing sessions at the Westminster Ice Rink going. With him are (l. to r.) Miss Pamela Tandy, Miss Grace Lambert, Mrs. E. N. Tandy, and Mr. Arthur Taylor. Miss Tandy and Mrs. Tandy are respectively the daughter and daughter-in-law of Brigadier Ernest Napper Tandy.

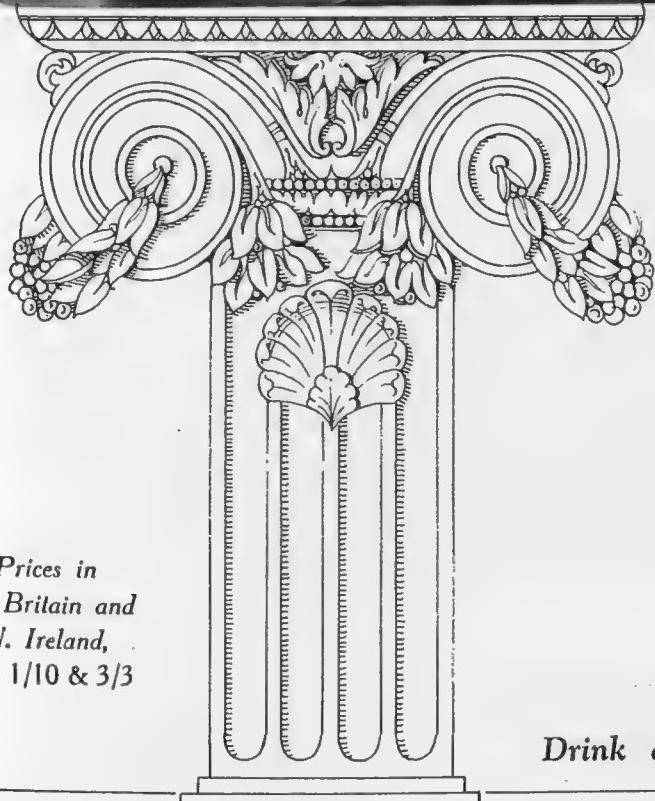


SNACKS FOR ICE DANCERS

Lady Duriedin, Mr. Brian Kearn, and Miss Pamela Lubliner, a recent Gold Medallist, take time off for snacks from the ice-dancing hour at the Queen's Ice Club. Lady Dunedin is a former editor of "Everyman," and was Director of Scottish Savings during and after the last war. Mr. Kearn, normally of the Stock Exchange, is now serving with the R.A.F. and was on leave



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Ovaltine for  
Sound Sleep  
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P517A

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Drink delicious 'Ovaltine'—and note the Difference!



THE MEMBERS OF A W.A.A.F. DETACHMENT AT AN R.A.F. STATION

A group of some of the women who are doing their bit most nobly in this war that may not prove to be quite so "quaint" as some people seem to think it is. It may be a bit unusual, but it is not likely in the end to differ vastly from any other kind of more or less legalised slaughter. The names in the picture are: (l. to r., back) A.C.2. Vachell, A.C.2. Cooper, A.C.2. Holman, A.C.2. Booth, A.C.2. Butcher, A.C.2. Eades, A.C.2. Gedward, A.C.2. Johnson, A.C.2. Burgess, A.C.2. Nicholson, A.C.2. Hick, A.C.2. Skardon, A.C.2. Connelly, A.C.2. Taylor; (middle row) A.C.2. Weston, A.C.2. Head, A.C.2. Tanner, A.C.2. Harris, A.C.2. Beare, A.C.2. Wilson, A.C.2. Dick, A.C.2. Brown, A.C.2. Morris, A.C.2. Langridge, A.C.2. Clutterbuck, A.C.2. Holland; (seated) A.C.2. Phillips, A.C.1. Hayter, Corp. Weston, Assistant Section Officer B. Hay-Ward (officer commanding), Sergeant North, A.C.1. Dawson, A.C.2. Clarke and A.C.2. Miller.

#### Relay War.

**T**HIS war to end Germany's inveterate doctrine of boots, bludgeons and blood is a relay war, in which father has handed the rifle on to son. Not long ago I attended a dinner held by my old squadron. At it two generations met: those who fought in the war of 1914, and those who are fighting now. There was also a sprinkling of the evergreen officers and men who fought in the war of 1914 and are fighting again now, bridging a quarter of a century and lending continuity to the struggle.

Let us hope that the generation who have had to take on the job unfinished will not make the mistakes of their pa's and predecessors, and will see that Germany is left in such a position that their sons, in turn, will not again have to take up arms. I think the very fact that one finds in the Royal Air Force of to-day so many of the sons of the members of the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service of twenty-five years ago is in some sense a guarantee that this time we shall finish with Germany's lust to bully and batten on the countries of Europe. It is not a question of what did you do in the Great War, daddy; but of what you *failed* to do, that the sons are concerned with.

There is continuity, too, in the notable fact that many of these sons of the earlier air service are serving to-day in the same squadrons as those in which their fathers served. In one case, at least, the son of the officer who founded and commanded one of the most famous squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps is serving in that same squadron, bearing its old (but now secret) number in the Royal Air Force to-day.

No doubt about it, the effort has been continuous; the relay race has not finished. . . . But

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

it must finish when this war ends, which means that this war must be fought until Germany can be held down and prevented from rearming again; until her people have been forced to use other things than jack-boots and rubber truncheons when they wish to impose their will on others.

#### Old News for New.

**I**t has been rather pleasing lately to watch how the daily newspapers, deprived of details of new types of aeroplane, have been resurrecting the old ones and bringing them out again with a flourish which probably deceives—a few people. The dear old Boulton Paul "Defiant," which was shown to the public before the war, and about which details have been published a great many times, has lately appeared in the rôle of dashing débutante. There has been terrific excitement over the rediscovery that it has a power-operated rear-turret, and that it fights with this. Then there is another thing about the papers at the present time: they print whole columns of mildewy magazine stuff which in peace would have been regarded as fit only for the wastepaper basket.

#### Black-Out Blues.

**M**ost of those who listened impartially to the Royal Air Force case for the continuance of rigid black-out rules in London were convinced. 'Tis better to be blacked out than bombed out. Before the war it was impossible to say whether the black-out would be much use or not because there was no means of observing it in its totality. There were, of course, trials; but there were always many places which were allowed by special dispensation to keep their lights going. But now we have the real data and it seems that a good black-out, though it can never conceal London, can make the recognition of specific objectives in London impossible.



AIR-MARSHAL SIR FREDERICK BOWHILL  
AND AIR COMMODORE G. R. BROMET (LEFT)

Sir Frederick Bowhill is O.C. the coastal patrol, that branch of the R.A.F. which enables us to sleep in peace in our beds o' nights, intercepts raiders, knocks 'em out, bombs submarines, assists convoys. Air Commodore Bromet is Sir Frederick Bowhill's senior staff officer. They are seen planning a control for one of the squadrons



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EYELASH COSMETIQUE. ALL IN MANY SHADES.

## butterfly at the wheel



# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

## African Adventure.

HUMFREY SYMONS' human story of his African adventures on Morris, Rolls-Royce and Wolseley cars has shed a sort of bogus warmth to thaw us in these Arctic days. His book, "Two Roads to Africa" (Gifford; 10s. 6d.), is a story of a continuous fight against time, for whether it be the seven-day trip on the Morris "Ten" to Timbuktu, or the ten thousand miles' record run to the Cape on the Wolseley, Humfrey and his co-drivers were always battling with all sorts of unexpected difficulties in an effort to maintain an ambitious schedule of speed. And having eventually won through and set up the desired record, they did much to enhance the name and fame of the British car in the eyes of the world.

It is not easy to write a travel-book that holds the attention for long. Amusing, sophisticated and serious authors have tried it. But to hold the balance between interest and information is seldom achieved. Symons does it because, all through his descriptions of his four Odysseys, there is the human struggle to win through, in spite of difficulty, and sometimes danger. As you read of the party getting lost hundreds of miles from anywhere, of a broken axle-shaft in the middle of the desert, or of the petrol running short under equally unpleasant circumstances, you ask yourself how will they get out of this mess? Somehow they always did; the most remarkable example of this being the recovery of the Wolseley from the bed of a crocodile-infested river into which it had been catapulted at night, complete with Symons and his Old Etonian friend and philosopher, Browning.

No humdrum main-road potterer can possibly appreciate what it means to cover 350-500 miles day after day, let alone on English or Continental highways. To repeat such a schedule on trans-African tracks needs not only a very good motor-car, but an extra stout heart.

## Twenty Below.

I write this note from the inside of an iceberg, or so it seems. I cannot escape or see outside, for the locks and hinges of the doors have frozen, and even the insides of the windows are glazed with fantastic patterns of ice. Everything in the house, except the ink, has frozen solid. The telephone and power cables snapped long ago. The wireless aerial followed suit with a sickly thud as its ice-logged cable crashed on the roof. Trees, whose branches are overloaded with ice, are snapping like twigs with the unaccustomed strain. A few hours ago I was out on the road inspecting the worst damage to communications known since 1815. Telegraph poles, failing to sustain the immense strain of ice-laden cables, were strewn all over the road. Wires lay everywhere in tangled confusion, a danger to all traffic, had any ventured forth. Luckily, none did, for it was almost too slippery to walk. Evidently this extraordinary state of affairs had been caused by an intense frost setting in to the accompaniment of heavy rain. Evergreen trees resembled cascades of frozen water. Bushes encased inches deep



MRS. K. E. M. GOODE AND HER SON PETER

Captain Kenyon Goode includes his wife, who was Miss Violet Sainsbury, among the owners for whom he trains at Lambourn. Captain Goode was formerly a successful amateur rider and rode Camperdown in the 1929 Grand National

in ice reminded me of rare and intricate glass designs. Someone compared the scene to the inside of a giant's laboratory, featuring many kinds of weird and extravagant apparatus. Certainly the crystallising of a whole countryside in the space of a few hours was a miracle unique in the memory of living man.

## How the Cars Fared.

Hearing of burst boilers, people frozen in their baths, and cows ice-trapped in ponds, I approached the garage in trepidation; for only a few rugs protected the radiator from the bitter cold. It took some time to open the frozen doors, but within two minutes of doing so the engine was running as merrily as ever. From which I deducted that the motor-car manufacturers are much cleverer people than those responsible for our heating, lighting, plumbing and communication systems. Maybe, of course, that I was lucky, for down in the town there were tales of cars whose owners, relying on anti-freezing solutions, had not taken the extra precaution of ruggng-up that night, with the result that heads or cylinders had cracked. For this sorry state of things, no blame should fall on anti-freezing mixtures.

The fault lies in their application; in this case evidently too weak to withstand Jack Frost's most vicious onslaught.

## Repeating the Mistake.

My premises may be all wrong, but I imagine we have relied on overhead telephone and telegraph wires for several generations. And within the last ten or twenty years the Post Office has made many millions of pounds out of its subscribers. Despite this, year after year the first severe frost, gale or snowstorm brings down hundreds of wires all over the country, upsets vital communications and needs thousands of pounds being spent on repairs only to be repaired again when the next cold snap arrives.



THE GOOD COMPANIONS

Mr. J. B. Priestley, the famous Yorkshire novelist and playwright, seen here with his wife and stepdaughter, Miss Angela Wyndham Lewis, has moved down to Oxford for the next few months. Mr. Priestley's most recent play was *Music at Night*, at the Westminster Theatre. His earlier work, *Dangerous Corner*, has just been revived at the Embassy

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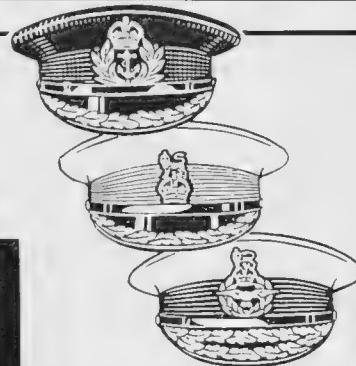
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# THE HIGHWAY OF Fashion

BY M.E.BROOKE

MADEMOISELLE PAVY, of Pissot and Pavy, 66 Grosvenor Street, has returned from Paris with her spring collection of hats. She has a flair for knowing just what is distinctive and practical, so that women who wear her triumphs are sure of looking their best. Two are pictured at the top of this page. An important feature of the chef d'œuvre on the left is the large bow, and flowers of the one on the right. She has great faith in the success of the floral hat during the ensuing weeks

NOTHING could be more charming and practical than the little frocks and their accessories at Thresher's, 64 Grosvenor Street. Below on the left is a dress carried out in a deep marine blue wool fabric relieved with touches of white piqué and a flattering sash; the price—well, it is only five guineas. Furthermore, there are tailored wool dressing gowns in various colours. Sashes have very important rôles to play. Every woman should most certainly make a point of seeing the belt enriched with emblems of good luck

THERE is always something about the Herschelle models which makes a direct appeal to the well-dressed woman. They are sold in fashion salons of prestige, being created by Bernstein, 9 Great Titchfield Street. The ensemble on the right of this page comes from the spring collection. It is carried out in wool crêpe, important features being the belt, buttons and turn-over collar. The coat is of interest, for although it looks as though it were braided, even on close inspection it is not, the effect being achieved in the weaving



*Pictures by Blake*

## Deutsche Grenze

(Continued from page 224)

He gave a wild mountain yodel as he swung himself rhythmically into check turns before entering the trees.

Ten minutes later he had given the warning to the village and helter-skelter all were rushing for the thousand-foot funicular to be carried up to safety above.

The anxious moment had passed. The little carriage had made its third successful journey bringing the last of the villagers, bundles and all, to the top station. Anna was safe.

Slowly the dam gave way. It oozed its way some hundreds of yards like a landslide until, encouraged by success, it broke into a gallop tearing up all before it. It struck the village, blotting it for ever, and crashed on to be lost from sight in the depth of the valley.

No one had stirred; the only sound was the rattle of small stones in the valley below as they settled into new refuges. The silence was broken by Karl—"To you Tony we owe our lives. You are a brave man. But I have nevertheless a clear duty to perform."

A wild idea entered Tony's head to run. He saw Hans, Anna's great admirer, who disliked him as a rival, approaching with a brisk step as if he had guessed his thoughts. Without a word his jaw set. Hans came right up to Karl and his prisoner. "Lass ihn sein" (let him go) he said to Karl and swinging a wiry right arm he caught the guardian of the law a blow which gave practical effect to his suggestion. While Karl lay there unconscious, a murmur of approval went round as free, once more Tony skinned away into the trees.

That night as he sat in a big wooden chair in the Alberghi An Vippiteno, sipping chianti, he pondered over his adventures; he was pleased that the gods of the Blauberg had spared him and as he fell slowly to sleep he thought of Anna's brown eyes and his last remark to her, "This is the first of the new-row of kisses."

## ROUNDABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, need help for an old lady of seventy-three. Her husband died three years ago, leaving her penniless and dependent on her children, who are themselves not very successful. One son allowed his mother 5s. weekly, but now his death has deprived her of this. She has 20s. a week, including her Old Age Pension, and after the rent is paid, she has 9s. left for food and the necessities of life. In old age warmth means so much and she has little or nothing for coal.

\* \* \*

Many well-known women are taking an active interest in a special campaign for youth service to meet the wartime needs of girls under twenty-one years of age. This campaign is being organized by the principal voluntary societies concerned, and on Sunday last, Dame Meriel Talbot broadcast an appeal for sympathy and support. Mrs. Walter Elliot, the Chairman of the National Council of Girls' Clubs, is working very hard in connexion with this campaign. Amongst others who are aiding and abetting are Margaret, Countess of Antrim, Mrs. St. John Atkinson, Lady Baden Powell, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mrs. W. A. Cadbury, the Countess of Clarendon, Lady Greig, Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, Lady Eleanor Keane, the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, the Countess of Mayo, Lady Merthyr, the Countess of Plymouth, and Lady Somers.

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## WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS

### Saturday's Weddings.

The marriage will take place on Saturday at St. Mary's Church, Ashwell, between Sub-Lieutenant Reay Parkinson, R.N., and Miss Vivien (Robin) Eustace Hill. The marriage will also take place on Saturday at St. Mary's Church, Frensham, between Mr. John H. Arkell, The Queen's Westminsters, K.R.C., and Miss Helen Birgit Huifeldt.

### Forthcoming Wedding.

The marriage will take place on February 24 between Mr. Basil Priestley and Miss Moir.

### Recently Engaged.

The engagement is announced between Commander Wolf W. R. Bentinck, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Rudolf and Lady Bentinck, of Winklebury Hill, Basingstoke, and Miss Yvonne Street, daughter of Colonel H. Street, D.S.O., of Castlemead, Hythe, Kent, and the late Mrs. Street; Mr. Gilbert Gresley Heathcote, R.A.F., only son of Brigadier-General C. E. Heathcote, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Heathcote, of Forest Row, Sussex, and Miss Nora Barbara Crewdson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wright Crewdson, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire; Mr. Roy Limond Punnett, Acting British Vice-Consul at Budapest, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Punnett, of

Yvonne

MISS JEANNE WILSDON

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilsdon, of 22 rue Lalo, Paris, whose engagement is announced to Second Lieutenant Rae Duncan, elder son of Sir Andrew and Lady Duncan, of Beckenham, Kent

\* \* \*



MISS HENRIETTA HAIG-THOMAS

Second daughter of Mr. and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of The Grange, Goring-on-Thames, whose engagement is announced to Captain Sir Peter Greenwell, of Marden Park, Godstone, Surrey, only son of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell and of Lady Greenwell

Diamond, St. Vincent, B.W.I., and Countess Henriette Serényi, younger daughter of Count and Countess László Serényi, of Sándoruta, 10, Budapest; Captain James MacMaster MacFie, M.B., M.R.C.P.(Ed.), R.A.M.C., second son of the late Mr. Sam MacFie, 17 Wester Coates Terrace, Edinburgh, and Miss Dorothy Yona Marie Gillies, daughter of Sheriff-Substitute Arthur Hunter Denholm Gillies, Easter Moffat House, Plains, by Airdrie, Lanarkshire; Flying Officer James Colin Hamilton, second son of the late Captain I. W. Hamilton and of Mrs. Hamilton, of Harrow, and Miss Betty Dorothy Wyllie, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyllie, of Minstead, Midhurst, Sussex; Mr. Hugh Grant Peterkin, younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. Grant Peterkin, O.B.E., The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (retired), and Mrs. Grant Peterkin, of Grange Hall, Forres, Morayshire, and Miss Rosemary Margaret Uprichard, elder daughter of the late Mr. Emile L. Uprichard, of Kingsdown, Sevenoaks, and Newtownards, Co. Down, Lieutenant Richard Jenner-Fust, O.B.E., R.N., and Miss Thea Wilmer, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. E. R. G. Wilmer.

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Mindes &amp; Faratty

MISS VERA BROWN

Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude A. Brown, of Threeways, Barkby, Leicestershire, whose marriage will take place on March 2 at St. Mary's Church, Barkby, Leicestershire, to Squadron Leader G. R. H. Black, only son of Captain and Mrs. George Black, of Private Road, Nottingham

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There has been a good deal of talk in the "doggy" papers about the feeding of dogs. Lately this feeding has become far too elaborate. Dogs thrive on plain food and all sorts agree with them. Look at what they pick up with impunity! When I was a child I had a Cairn whose sole diet was biscuits soaked in water; she lived to a healthy

excellent companion, being specially good with children. Mrs. Gatacre is one of the authorities on the Keeshond and has published an interesting book on them. She sends a photograph of her son and a team which he has trained to draw a home-made sledge. She says: "They seem to enjoy it." She, in common with all wise people, is not breeding Keeshonds to any extent, but hopes to have a few puppies for sale now and then. Mrs. Gatacre has appealed on behalf of the Spitz family for the gallant Finns; all money collected will be handed to Lady Kitty Ritson's excellent fund and clothes should be sent to the Finland Fund, 9 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.

The Pug arrived in England with William and Mary. He was unknown here before, but he is undoubtedly of Chinese origin. They were extremely popular in mid-Victorian days, then underwent slight eclipse, but now have come back to favour. The Pug makes an admirable companion, being clean, intelligent and good tempered. The Victorian idea of "a fat Pug" is quite out of date, Pugs are now no fatter than their owners. Mrs. Swanston Goodger owns one of the leading kennels of Pugs. She writes an interesting letter and says: "I think dogs help to cheer one up, I don't know what I'd do without mine. I am trying to keep my numbers down to six. The two dogs and one of the bitches are champions and, fate permitting, I am going to try and breed one litter a year." She sends a delightful picture of the latest war babies, one is for sale. The great Ch. Thundercloud is well and a delight to his owner.

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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The Keeshond belongs to the great Spitz family, which are all over Northern Europe, distinguished by prick ears and curly tails. He is a handsome attractive dog, and makes an



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Many a doctor frankly admits that, even in peace time, the stress and strain of modern life is too much for the average nervous system to bear. It is good to know, therefore, that science can help us to stand the extra strain, the extra stress, the extra responsibility and work which we all cheerfully accept in war time.

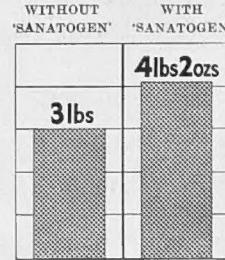
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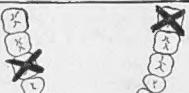
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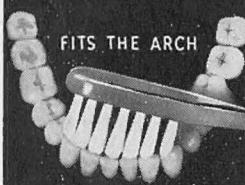
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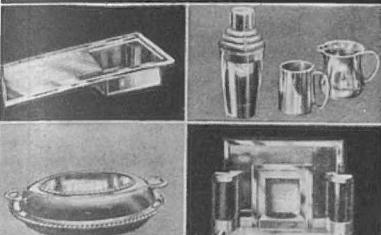
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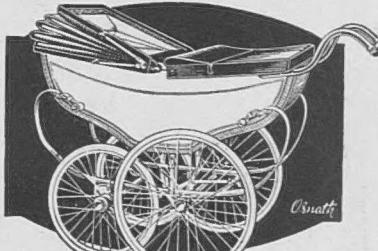
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